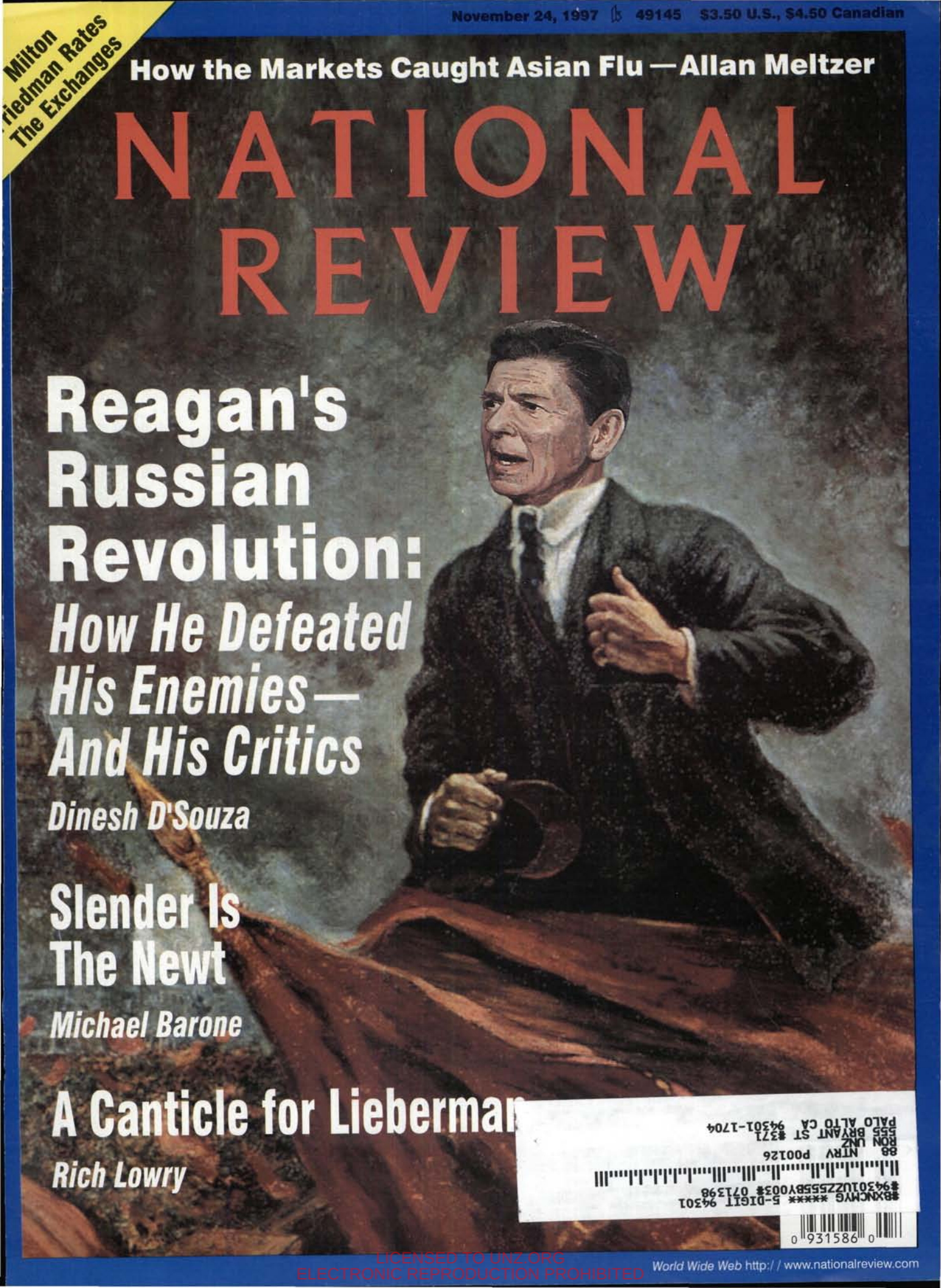
November 24, 1997 $3.50 U.S., $4.50 Canadian

Milton Friedman Rates The Exchanges

How the Markets Caught Asian Flu — Allan Meltzer

NATIONAL REVIEW



Reagan's Russian Revolution:
How He Defeated His Enemies— And His Critics
Dinesh D'Souza

Slender Is The Newt
Michael Barone

A Canticle for Lieberman
Rich Lowry

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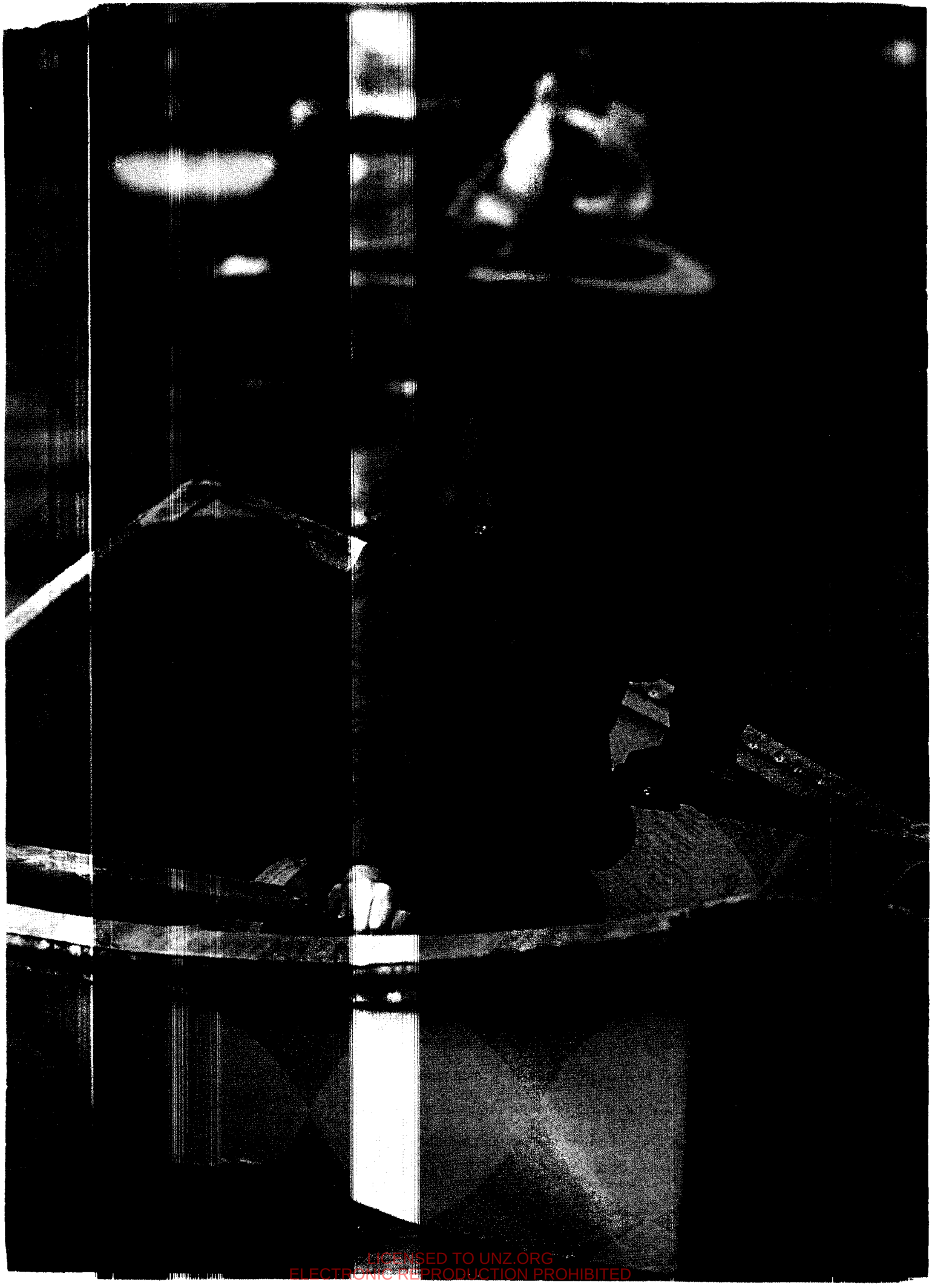

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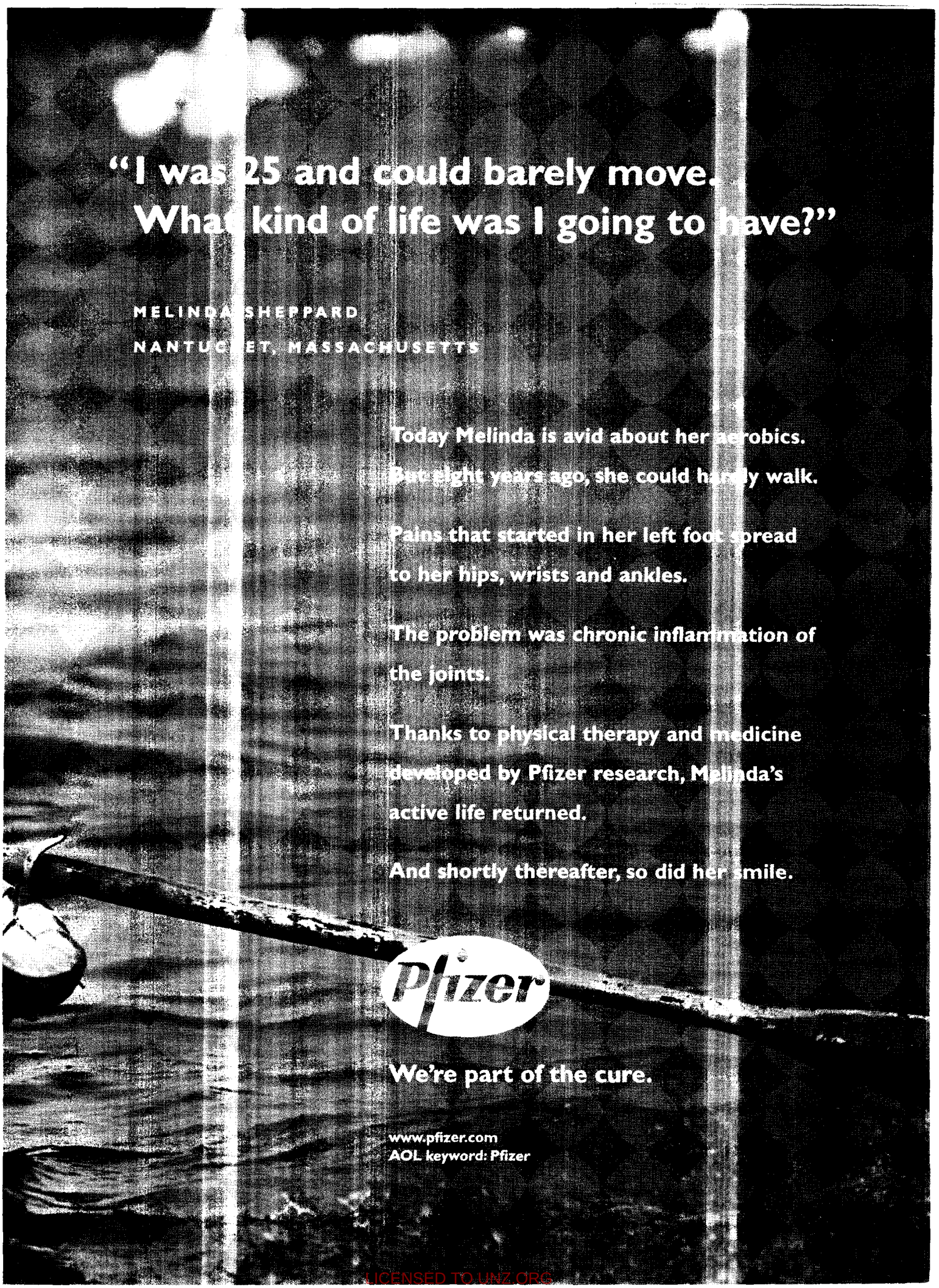
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NATIONAL REVIEW

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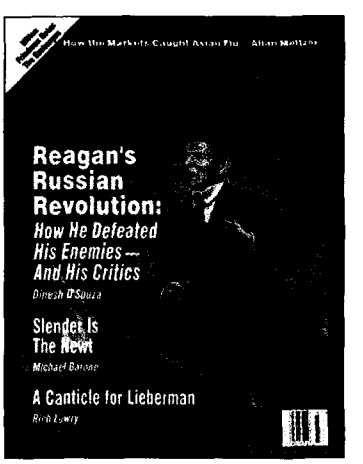

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that go into every

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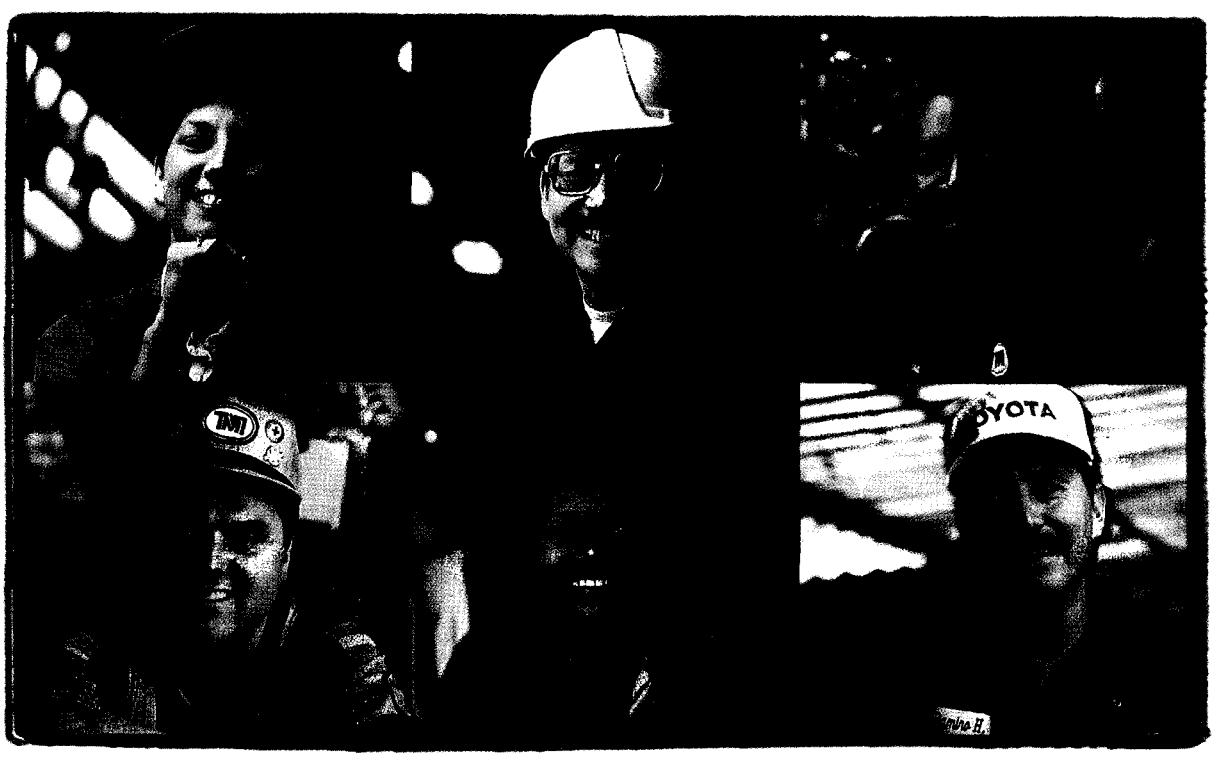

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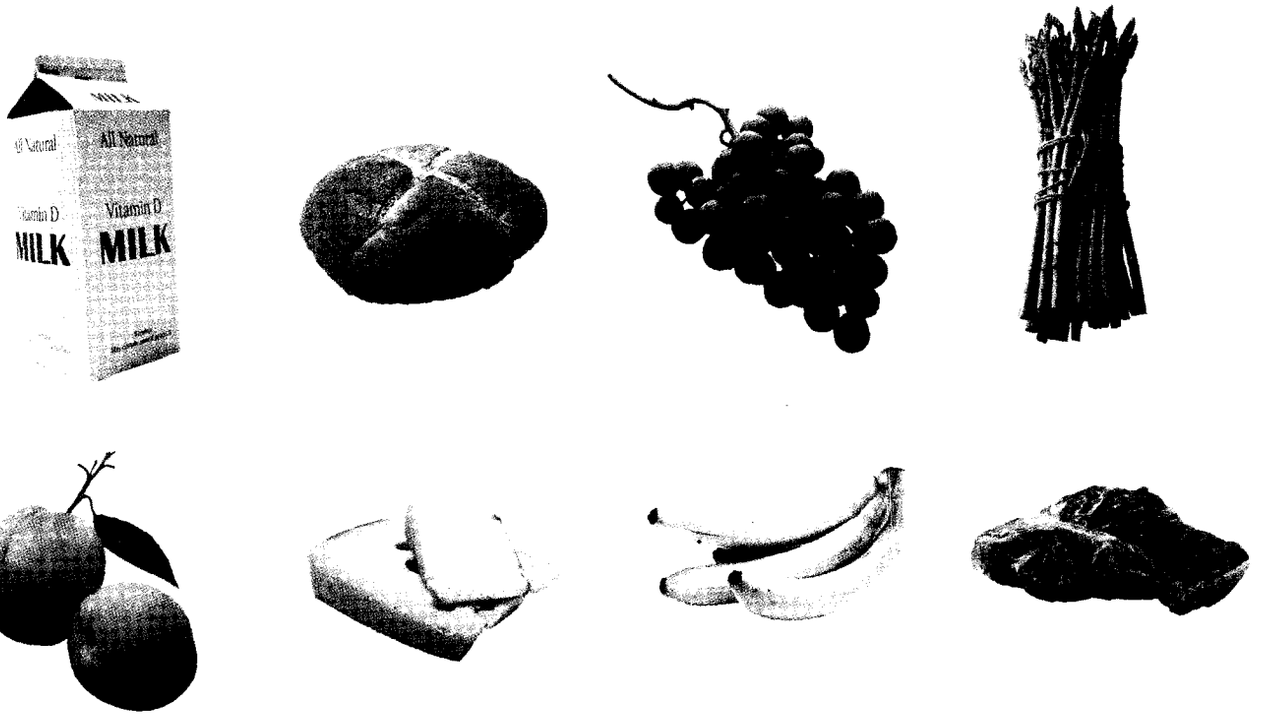
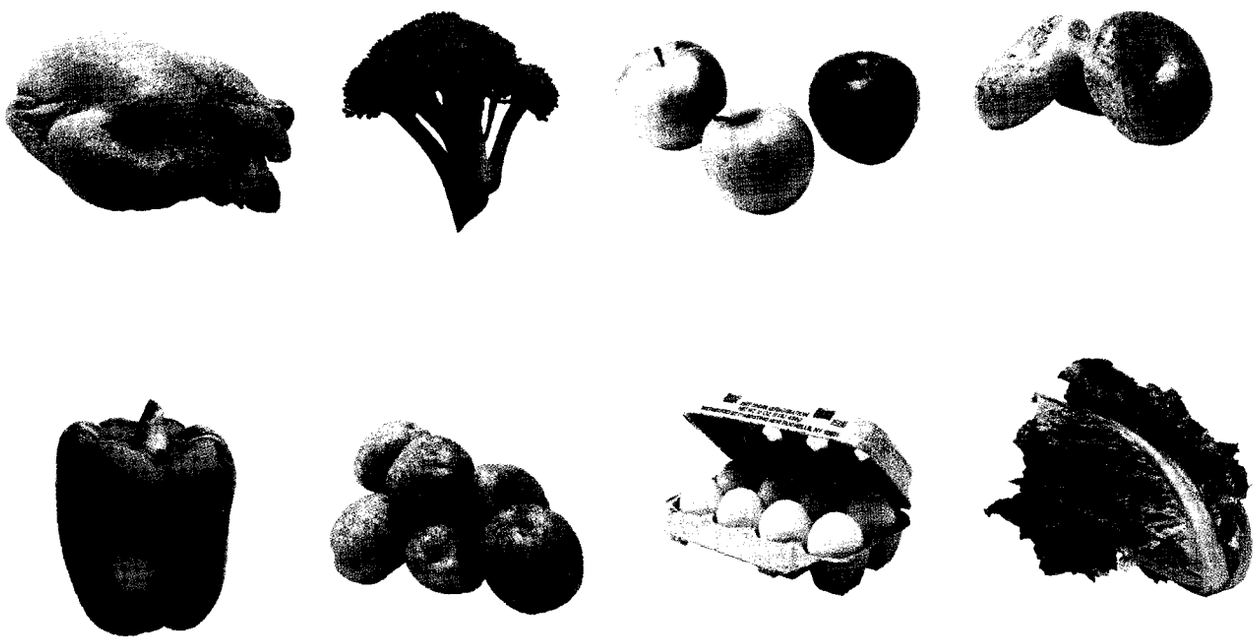


Next time you're food shopping for your family,



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LETTERS

Casual Decline

Much like Hadley Arkes and Mark Steyn ["The Way We Look Now," Oct. 13], I too am uncomfortable with the seemingly accelerating trend toward more casual dress. Casual dress does often seem to lead to a more casual attitude on the part of the wearer, and those with whom he or she comes into contact oftentimes react accordingly. I also appreciated Mr. Arkes's unapologetic tone regarding his own proclivity for arriving at various occasions "dressed," and his dismissal of critical comments by reworking a line from Oscar Wilde.

A Wilde quote is also appropriate to put into context the comment by a mourner at Princess Diana's funeral. A woman asserted that Prince Charles's mode of dress renders him unfit to rule because it demonstrates that he is "out of touch." It calls to mind a rejoinder issued by Lord Illingworth in *A Woman of No Importance*. There he trumpets the superiority of the House of Lords by stating that "We in the House of Lords are never in touch with public opinion. That makes us a civilized body."

It is hoped that someday our leaders will once again prove sagacious enough to see the inherent wisdom in that remark. The future of our civilization depends upon it.

Dan Onove
Bloomfield, N.J.

Mortal Dispute

Tom Bethell's article on the purported "vilification" of Judith Reisman over the Kinsey controversy ["Mortal Sins," May 19] is a misleading tale that ignores the most pertinent detail: Dr. Reisman brought most of her problems on herself. Mr. Bethell, we believe, knew better when he wove together fact and fiction into the whole cloth of this lone and vilified figure engaged in a thirty-year battle to expose the fraud of the Kinsey research. For the best part of 15 years, Dr. Reisman has operated on a résumé padded with falsehoods, including taking credit for work done by others. Dr. Reisman's false record of professional experience has, in part, been exposed at the Mapplethorpe trial (contributing to the failure of the prosecution's case) and in congressional hearings (see, e.g., the American Psychological Association *Monitor*, July 1984). This record is well known to people like Dr. John Bancroft of the Kinsey Institute (see the *Washington Post*, Dec. 8, 1995). He noted that Dr. Reisman's suit against the Kinsey Institute for defamation of character was "thrown out of court."

Mr. Bethell's curious stance on Dr. Reisman is compounded by a hypocritical maligning of people like Jim Lehrer and Bill Moyers. They are part of a nasty "blackballing" and "ostracism" conspiracy for not airing Reisman interviews. But Mr. Bethell knew as he wrote this that his boss at *The American Spectator*, Wladyslaw Pleszczynski, had been refusing to publish Dr. Reisman's work at about the same time (we sent him a copy of one of the rejection letters over a year ago). Most recently, Concerned Women for America was obliged to publish a correction in its *Family Voice* magazine (August 1997) in response to Edward Eichel's pointing out yet a further example of plagiarism involving Dr. Reisman.

Conservative causes are compromised—even wrecked—when right-wing organizations and writers do obvious end runs around the rules they use to beat up others. The usual standards of professionalism cannot be selectively suspended. Situation ethics has more commonly been seen as a liberal tactic, as has been the ploy of conferring victim status. What Mr. Bethell et al. seem to be attempting is the papering over of one fraud in the service of exposing another. Not a good idea. It will backfire.

Edward W. Eichel
New York, N.Y.
J. Gordon Muir
Cary, N.C.

There is not one word of truth to these slanders. My article was not about the vilification of Dr. Reisman. Messrs. Eichel and Muir cite no fiction in my piece. I did not malign Jim Lehrer or Bill Moyers. (Mr. Lehrer, I did not mention; in my two-word description, Mr. Moyers "wrote letters" inquiring about Reisman's charges that children were used as subjects in Kinsey's research.) Earlier, in print, Messrs. Eichel and Muir charged that Dr. Reisman claimed at the Mapplethorpe trial to have been an employee of the Cleveland Museum, and to have served on the Meese Commission. The trial transcript shows that she (correctly) testified that she worked *at the Museum, and that she was a* witness *before the Commission.*

Referring to a Washington Post *article, Messrs. Eichel and Muir try to bolster their falsehoods by saying they are "well known to" Dr. Bancroft. In fact, that article included no such acknowledgment by Dr. Bancroft. The thrust of the* Post *article was that Dr. Reisman's accusations against Kinsey were true. Readers can judge for themselves on the non-issue of the rejection letter. Dr. Reisman once collaborated with Mr. Eichel, who was and still is a sexologist. Years ago, Dr. Reisman and Mr. Eichel wrote separate articles about Kinsey's research that were both rejected by* The American Spectator. *In 1996, after seeing a* CBS Evening News *segment and a Family Research Council video, I wrote an article for the* Spectator *on Dr. Reisman's revelations about the Kinsey Report. Then, a year later, I wrote a more general article for* NATIONAL REVIEW. *Messrs. Muir and Eichel seem to think that the* Spectator*'s rejection of the earlier articles, not written by me, disqualifies me from writing two very different articles ten years later. I am afraid the faculty of reason no longer dwells within them.*

Others who have said nice things about Judith Reisman have been barraged with mendacious accusations from this pair. Why? One possibility is that Dr. Reisman gets all the credit for unearthing the Kinsey scandal; as indeed she should, for she unearthed it. It may also be noted that Mr. Eichel takes sexology seriously, whereas Dr. Reisman doesn't—except as an open invitation to evil. And Alfred C. Kinsey: A Public & Private Life, *the new biography by James H. Jones, leaves us in no doubt that, underneath the scientist's coat, Kinsey himself was an evil man. Dr. Reisman's exposé of Kinsey's research was valuable, but it turns out that she didn't know the half of it.* —TB

Gushy

I read with interest the differing views on the death of Princess Diana in your Sept. 29 issue. Subsequently, I came across a quotation from Diana's distant relative, Winston Churchill, which presciently and concisely summarized this tragic episode and its aftermath. Protesting the deification of Lord Kitchener after the Sudanese campaign, Mr. Churchill wrote, "Gush, however quenching, is always insipid."

Richard A. Senftleben
Boca Raton, Fla.

They'll All Be Gone

I can see why the Congress isn't too concerned with what happens after the year 2030 ["Cancerous Budget," by John Attarian, Oct. 27]. The only one likely to be around to take the blame is Strom Thurmond.

Jerry Darden
Mt. Pleasant, S.C.

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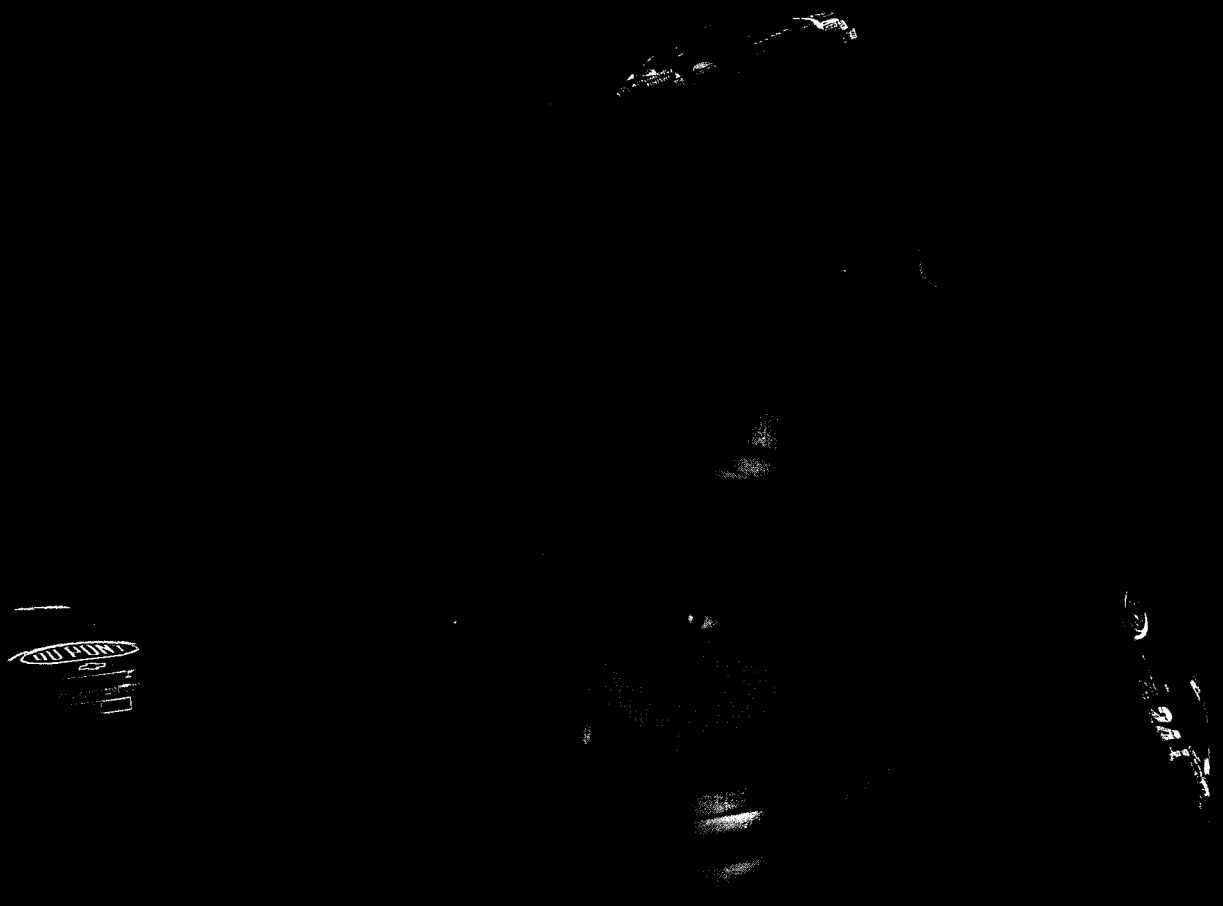

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FROM THE EDITOR

Who's On Trial?

■ The conviction of Louise Woodward on a charge of second degree murder is a plain miscarriage of justice. There was not even a *prima facie* case against Miss Woodward on a murder charge. There might be a case to answer on involuntary manslaughter, but the evidence before the court did not establish her guilt on that beyond a reasonable doubt.

But that seems to matter less than general considerations such as race and gender politics. A sample of comments.

We are putting the mother on trial. Some feminists argued that Miss Woodward's lawyers, by suggesting that the child's injuries might have been caused by parental neglect, were indicting a generation of working mothers. An entire *Nightline* program was devoted to this thesis. Whether the Eappens were good or bad parents, this argument is refuted by the fact that Mrs. Eappen is not beginning a fifteen-year sentence.

Nannies are more likely to abuse children than parents. This is true statistically, not only of nannies, but also of live-in boyfriends, stepfathers, and non-biological carers in general. But most nannies do not abuse their charges. And a statistical likelihood, however high, is no proof of individual guilt. If it were, we would arrest every other young black man going along the street.

It shows the jury system does not work. No, it shows that no judicial system can avoid mistakes. The O. J. Simpson verdict did reveal a disabling flaw—namely, racial bias—in juries. But the Woodward jury showed no such systematic bias. A variant of this argument—*the American system does not work*—is popular with the British tabloids. But it falls down at the merest nudge. The American system is very similar to the British, which anyway has had its own miscarriages in recent years, notably the Birmingham Six.

It shows courts should not be televised. This is perverse. Had the Simpson and Woodward trials not been televised, only a few people would suspect injustice.

What happened? Nobody, except possibly Miss Woodward, knows. The jury, saddened by the baby's death, apparently reasoned: somebody did this; Louise Woodward is somebody; so she did this.

Every step of this argument, including the premise, is questionable. But the jury, which may have disliked Miss Woodward's self-control, convicted her upon it. So a new argument is advanced:

Miss Woodward should plead guilty (if necessary, insincerely) in order to get a lower sentence. If that argument comes to be widely accepted, it would encourage the all-too-common tactic of unscrupulous prosecutors: charging a defendant on several counts so that the jury will reckon that he is probably guilty of something and convict on a lesser count.

Miss Woodward deserves at least a new trial. America deserves prosecutors who seek justice rather than "winning."

■ A new orthodoxy has emerged on the right. It favors fixed exchange rates for world currencies, and its evangelists include Steve Forbes, Jack Kemp, the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, the redoubtable Jude Wanniski, and the massed bands of Hope, Growth, and Opportunity conservatism. They cite the recent Asian currency crisis—which sparked off the fall in world stock markets—as fresh justification for governments fixing the price of money.

In this issue, two great monetary economists—Milton Friedman and Allan H. Meltzer—examine fixed exchange rates and the specifics of the Asian crisis. I will not spoil your enjoyment of these two articles (which show that the dismal science need not be dismal reading) by anticipating their conclusions.

But one point must be made. Asian currencies all had exchange rates pegged to the dollar. The crisis consisted of the fact that these fixed rates were unsustainable—unless Asian governments had raised interest rates sharply and imposed deflation on their economies. (Not the usual formula for Hope, Growth, and Opportunity.) Floating the currencies was not the crisis; it was the solution.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

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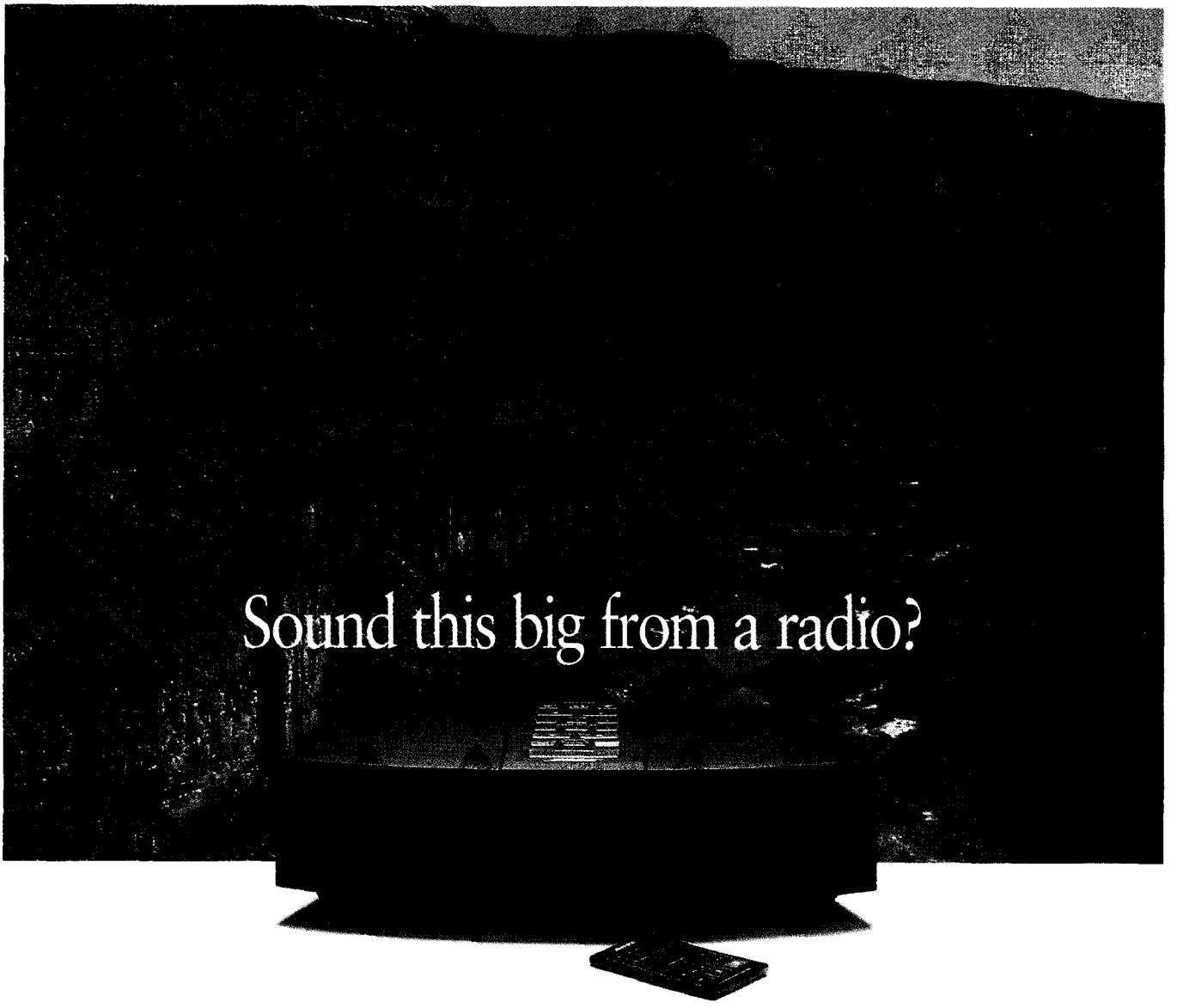

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Does **Bob Dole**'s apparent face-lift (he doesn't deny *Washington Post* report) signal **Elizabeth Dole**'s interest in running for President in 2000? Bob Dole says on *Meet the Press* that "I told her all I want is a car and a driver if she gets elected—and a beeper. In case somebody leaves me behind, I want to be able to phone in." Mrs. Dole reportedly wows Sacramento Chamber of Commerce audience. . . . Possible Democratic hopeful **Dick Gephardt** outflanks White House on IRS, endorsing reform bill before President **Clinton**. A Gephardt aide says of White House: "Usually, they're more nimble on this since they poll every day." . . . New bumper sticker from GOPAC: "Support the IRS, vote Democrat."

■ **Ross Perot**'s Reform Party threatens assault on GOP over its opposition to campaign-finance reform. Party leaders talk of running candidates against 40 to 50 vulnerable Republicans. Says former Reform Party vice-presidential candidate **Pat Choate**: "We can draw enough votes to shift control of the House. Then we'll remind Democrats that if they break faith with us, we'll turn them out again." . . . In renewed push for campaign-finance legislation, Republican Reps. **Chris Shays** (Conn.), **Marge Roukema** (N.J.), **Connie Morella** (Md.), **Tom Campbell** (Calif.), **Jim Leach** (Iowa), and **Nancy Johnson** (Conn.) sign Democratic discharge petition to bring bill to House floor. . . . National Right to Life Committee (NRLC) responds with barrage of radio ads in districts of bill's supporters—e.g., "If Congressman Chris Shays gets his way, this radio ad will soon be against the law."

■ Republican leaders in Illinois push pro-choice state Comptroller **Loleta Didrickson** to run in GOP primary to challenge Sen. **Carol Moseley-Braun** in 1998, worried that State Sen. **Peter Fitzgerald**, a conservative pro-lifer, will suffer from gender gap. . . . Also in Illinois, last year's failed Republican senatorial candidate **Al Salvi**—who lost big to **Dick Durbin** after mistakenly calling **Jim Brady** a machine-gun dealer—talks about his opposition to gun-control measures: "Reasonable people—good people—don't wait to hear an intellectual explanation when kids are dying on the street. . . . So forget the intellectual arguments about the role of the federal government. I was trying to have my cake and eat it, too. Voters were right, I was wrong." . . . A radio ad run by opponents of a Houston proposition to ban racial preferences opens with a **Martin Luther King** speech being cut short by gunfire: "It happens over and over again. Just when our community starts to move ahead some people try to turn back the clock. Sometimes they do it with bullets, sometimes they do it with laws . . ."

■ **Frank Luntz** existence watch: fading fast. The controversial GOP pollster tells *Capital Style* magazine: "What scares me a little bit is that I don't exist as much as I did two years ago. I am a focus group. I can synthesize for you. After I get out of a focus group, I, Frank Luntz, cease to exist and I become those 12 people in the focus group. I'm like **Chauncy Gardner** in the movie *Being There*. He doesn't exist either." . . . Meanwhile, **Ed Rollins** piles on embattled former boss **Christine Todd Whitman**: "She financed [her tax cut] by borrowing $2 billion that is going to cost your kids x-y-z and she underfunded the pension plan. She can't defend that, it's indefensible. She has not cut one penny of state spending,

"Do you realize we're playing the first five innings for the government?"

and she is a **Rockefeller** Republican . . . So she was forced to play 'funny money' budget-balancing for four years, and I think that is what hurt her."

■ Catholic Church of Ireland asks Catholic primary-school teachers to ban the words "mummy" and "daddy" in the classroom so as to avoid offending single-parent families. Teachers have been instructed to refer to "the adults who live in your house." . . . Nouveau-**Thatcherite** Labour leader **Tony Blair** rules out joining common European currency for at least five years. . . . Anti-Iraqi radio station in Damascus gets shut down as Syrian President **Hafez al-Assad** forges rapprochement with old adversary **Saddam Hussein**. Iran approves and participates in negotiations, leading to a promise to re-open the ancient land route between Damascus and Tehran. . . . Western-style disorder hits tidy Singapore, with 285 reports of injuries from "killer-litter" thrown out of high-rise apartments so far this year, up from 50 in 1996.

■ Sen. **Orrin Hatch** writes a song in honor of Princess **Diana** and Mother **Teresa**, hands out 2,000 copies of cassette recording at Utah conference. "I hate to say it," Hatch tells *Roll Call*, "but I think this is a little more sophisticated than **Elton John**'s song." . . . According to **Dwayne Ibsen** of National Costumers Association, most popular presidential Halloween masks are **Nixon**, **Reagan**, and **Kennedy**. Clinton doesn't even register. "You can't give those away," Ibsen tells *New York Times*. . . . Democratic fundraiser **Nathan Landow**—caught up in one of the Indian-related Clinton fundraising scandals—is investigated by U.S. Fish and Wildlife Services for allegedly keeping in his office a Sioux war bonnet fashioned with feathers from federally protected eagles. . . . The Ninth Annual Conservative Leadership Conference will be held November 20-22 in Washington, D.C., at the Sheraton Washington Hotel. For more information call: Eric Putman at 1-800-827-5323.

■ *Boston Herald* reports: "A new computer game in which the player directs a deranged character to 'go postal' and kill police and bystanders by the dozen—and finally shoot himself in the head—is causing outrage among real postal workers."

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THE WEEK

■ Attorney General Janet Reno said on *Larry King Live* that she was leaning neither for nor against naming an independent counsel to investigate her boss. Miss Reno has until December 3 to decide whether she will lean. If she's not leaning by then, she has to face the tough decision whether to take another sixty days to think about whether to lean.

■ Sen. Fred Thompson (R., Tenn.)—another former actor with presidential hopes—limps from the spotlight. His hearings on campaign finance unearthed some new information and demonstrated why Janet Reno should appoint an independent counsel. But they failed because Thompson never saw them as political combat and theater in the way that Democrats did. In the interest of bipartisanship, he consented to a deadline which Democrats ruthlessly exploited. In the interest of fair-mindedness, he countenanced endless Democratic diversions into alleged GOP wrongdoing. In the interest of seriousness, he never invited any of the shady Clinton characters to take the Fifth before the TV cameras. Meanwhile, he never did more than grouse about White House stonewalling and lost the confidence of his fellow Republicans. Two thumbs down.

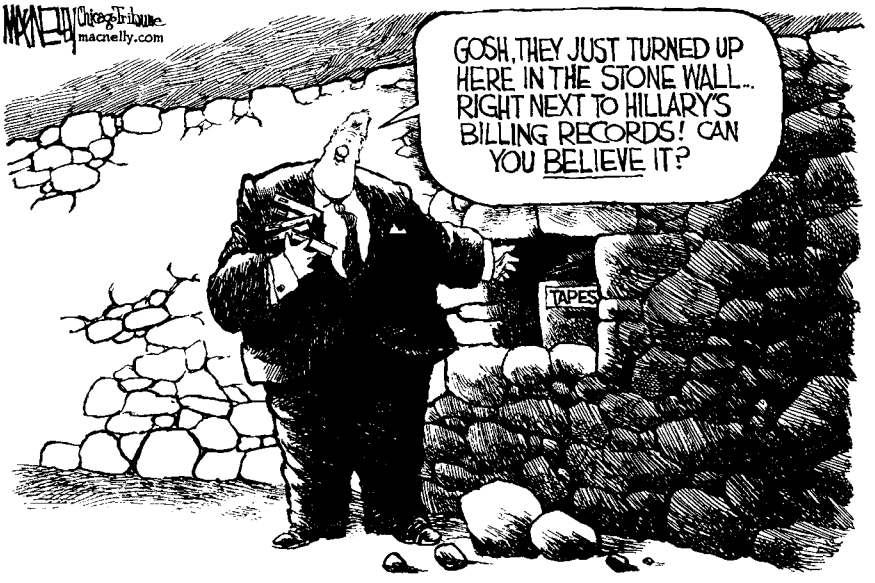
■ Bill Lann Lee, Western regional counsel for the NAACP Legal Defense Fund and President Clinton's nominee for the civil-rights position at the Justice Department, shares all the beliefs of today's "civil-rights" movement: counting by race; demanding government action when the numbers are unsatisfactory; running to the courts when democracy is unsatisfactory. "The term 'forced busing,'" he explains disingenuously, "is a misnomer" because children "don't have to ride a bus, but only to arrive on time at their assigned schools." By tapping Mr. Lee for this post, Mr. Clinton has again revealed the emptiness of his promise to "mend" affirmative action. Sen. Orrin Hatch (R., Utah) has announced that he will not acquiesce in this duplicity. Nor should his Judiciary Committee colleagues. Republicans should muster the courage to vote down a Clinton nominee who—*mirabile dictu*—is even further from the mainstream than Lani Guinier.

■ We might have missed National Character Counts Week had not President Clinton issued a proclamation: "Yessuh, it does, so y'all be rot good this week an' wash th' Astroturf en yaw truck, y'hear?"

■ One advantage of Steve Forbes's status as a citizen politician is that it allows him to take positions unusual among the political class—against the budget deal, for instance, or the IRS. That makes it all the more a pity that Mr. Forbes has been campaigning against medical marijuana. This is a classic establishmentarian stance, supported by virtually every politician from William Bennett to Bill Clinton, yet opposed by solid majorities in polls, and by voters in referenda in California and Arizona. An editorial in *Forbes* trots out weary pot-scare clichés—e.g., America should not "leap to legalization of deadly drugs" (no one has ever died from a marijuana overdose, which cannot be said of alcohol, or of many legal prescription, and even over-the-counter, drugs). Why should Republicans turn to a bright, charming outsider when they can get opinions like this from any old pol?

■ The President did not take any Character Counts questions from reporters because he had to pose for the "Before" photo.

■ The line of GOP pro-immigrationists is, "Legal, *sí*; illegal, *no*." Then why did 71 House Republicans vote to maintain a loophole for illegals? Section 245(i) of the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1994 lets illegal aliens obtain legal status for the price of $1,000. Think of it as guarding the borders with speeding tickets: you broke the law to get here, and you are not supposed to stay here, but if you fork over, you won't be deported. Rep. Dana Rohrabacher (R., Calif.) wanted to close the loophole. In a "Dear Colleague" letter, he asked, *Cui bono*? "Immigration lawyers capitalize on hundreds of thousands of illegal aliens who rely on them to keep them out of deportation court, and this year the INS will make over $200 million" in fines. The State Department also likes the loophole, which relieves it of the burden of vetting legal immigrants in their home countries. So, in the event, did 71 Republicans, including the usually stalwart Dick Armey (Tex.), Henry Hyde (Ill.), and Peter King (N.Y.). Will voters like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GOSH, THEY JUST TURNED UP HERE IN THE STONE WALL... RIGHT NEXT TO HILLARY'S BILLING RECORDS! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?
TAPES

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it less? Will some politician (Republican, Democrat, or independent) ask them?

■ Among other problems, this summer's budget deal included restrictions on the right of senior citizens to make private contracts with doctors. No patient who receives Medicare (Part B) benefits can be treated outside of Medicare rules unless his doctor signs an affidavit attesting that he will not take any Medicare patients for two years. Robert Moffit of the Heritage Foundation called the provision "the boldest and most direct assault on the doctor–patient relationship ever launched by official Washington," and noted that it left Americans enrolled in Medicare less free than Britons under the National Health Service. Sen. Jon Kyl (R., Ariz.) is trying to undo the damage, with assistance from Steve Forbes and from slightly shamed Republican congressional leaders.

■ The Administration wants to use "sampling" in the next Census, notwithstanding that the Constitution calls for the "actual enumeration" of the population. Sophisticated statistical projections are necessary, it says, because older methods undercount minorities. Republicans fear that sampling would give President Clinton the power to create twenty-some new Democratic congressional seats. They seem likely to compromise anyway, fearing that otherwise Clinton would veto appropriations for the Commerce, State, and Justice Departments and blame them for another government shutdown. Republicans don't have much stomach for a publicity battle in which they could be portrayed as anti-science and anti-minority. They therefore hope to defer a fight until Clinton's popularity has dropped and the next election has brought more Republicans to Congress. They are playing a cowardly—and foolish—game.

■ Houstonites inspired by California's Proposition 209 collected petitions to put a similar measure, Proposition A, on the city's ballot: "The City of Houston shall not discriminate against or grant preferential treatment . . . on the basis of race, sex, ethnicity or national origin . . ." But after a rewrite by Democratic mayor Bob Lanier, the proposition offered to voters read: "Shall the Charter of the City of Houston be amended to end the use of preferential treatment (affirmative action) . . . ?" The original described an ideal; Lanier framed the measure as an attack on a buzzword—rather as if Lord North had amended the Declaration of Independence, replacing "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" with "Shall imperial solidarity be broken up?" Big business, which made its accommodations with racial preferences long ago, poured money into the anti-A campaign. This, though scandalous, is old news. Newer and more scandalous is that not one of Texas's Republican congressmen spoke up for Proposition A. How about a vote on this proposition: "Resolved: the GOP has no *cojones*." Or this: "Shall the GOP advocate justice and good government, even at the risk of (passing) controversy?"

■ Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt is in trouble over allegations that Indians wanting to establish casinos— No. *No.* Not another analysis of a Clinton Administration scandal, tedious to write, destined to be eclipsed by the next one. Let us turn the lens around. Is there any branch of this Administration that is clean? The Department of State? Transportation? Veterans' Affairs? Anywhere else? Hello out there?

■ The soothsayers were out in force last week as the stock market bobbled up and down. The public was unimpressed. Like J. P. Morgan, it knows that "the stock market will continue to fluctuate." Compared to the 22 per cent decline in 1987, or the 40 per cent decline after the first oil shock in 1973–74, this plunge hardly seemed worth the chatter. By the end of the week, the broad-based Standard and Poor's index was less than 10 per cent below its all-time high. Wise investors won't be put off by either optimistic or pessimistic chatter. Returns of more than 20 per cent a year won't become the norm; the long-term, value-weighted return is 9 per cent after inflation. Even after last week's decline, stock-exchange multiples are in a range that they have visited only twice before—in 1927–29, before the great Depression, and in 1966–68, before the great inflation. Both times the chatter was about a "new era" based on the Federal Reserve's ability to control the economy and the end of the business cycle as we know it. Don't bet the ranch or even the car payment. And don't forget that the Treasury and the International Monetary Fund are setting the stage for an even bigger financial crisis by shipping billions to bail out economies around the world.

■ Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* worries about "the demonization of our courts, the institution that more than any other has kept this country free." Tell that to the Marines.

■ Yes, the deficit is down—to $22 billion in fiscal 1997, far below the low point of the Reagan years. But consider the means to this end. From 1981 to 1988 real defense spending surged by 32 per cent, while real domestic outlays grew by just 4 per cent. During the Bush–Clinton years those priorities have been almost precisely reversed: defense is down by 28 per cent, while domestic spending is up by 35 per cent. Every agency that had its budget cut in the 1980s—HUD, Education, Labor, Commerce—has had funding fully restored in the 1990s. The U-turn has been bi-partisan: since 1994 domestic spending has risen by $183 billion, more even than the $155 billion by which it rose during the three years before the Republicans took over Congress. So why is the deficit down? Federal taxes are now taking a bigger bite of the economy: 19.8 per cent of GDP in 1997 versus 17.8 per cent in 1992. State and local taxes are also increasing, to an estimated 11.1 per cent of GDP. This year's total tax take (30.9 per cent of GDP) is the highest in U.S. history, exceeding the previous peaks in 1981 (30.2 per cent) and

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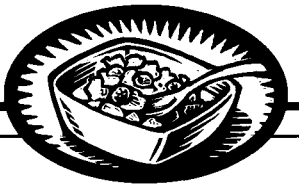

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1944 (25.4 per cent.) Remember this when politicians say the era of big government is over.

■ And by the way, does this mean Mr. Lewis has declared a ceasefire on Justices Thomas and Scalia?

■ Lest anyone think that *NR*'s critique of the federal judiciary is limited to concern about judicial "activism," let us take equal time to condemn judicial inactivism. It has now been more than three years since the voters of California approved Proposition 187, curtailing social-services benefits for not-yet-apprehended illegal aliens. Shortly thereafter—one day, to be precise—came Judge Mariana Pfaelzer's preliminary injunction against Proposition 187. Opponents of the measure thus ensured that public spending would continue in California without excessive influence by the public. A preliminary injunction is preliminary to a trial, a trial that has not yet ensued as millions spent have turned into billions. In the meantime, the status quo remains. The state did not drag its heels when another federal judge exercised a similar "veto" over Proposition 209—and the Supreme Court has now sided with the state, which is gratifying. But subsidizing foreigners should be as much a matter of concern as justice for Americans. It is to California's voters.

■ Saddam Hussein, left in power by a prematurely halted Desert Storm, continues to haunt us. The UN inspection team set up after the Gulf War to monitor the destruction

Co-Opting, the Art Form

When issues Mr. Clinton backs
Begin to quiver from attacks,
He either drops them (clunk) *before*
His face is on the barroom floor
Or steals the opposition blind.
The IRS will come to mind.

—W. H. von Dreele

Right Data

"If rich people just gave philanthropy some thought they'll realize it's the right thing to do." Obviously Ted Turner thinks rich people neither think—nor do—much about giving. He is wrong. Individuals earning $1 million and more donated an average of $101,674, or 3.9 per cent of income, in 1995; the rest of us gave $1,950, or 2 per cent, on average, according to *Giving USA 1997*, a publication of the AAFRC Trust for Philanthropy. But while the rich contribute more than their share, the preponderance comes from ordinary folks. About 70 per cent of all American households contribute.

A Constant Impulse: Charitable Donations
(Billions of 1996 Dollars)

	Total Giving		Share of Donations To:			
	Amount	% of GDP	Religion	Health & Welfare	Education	Other
1970	$94.2	2.0%	44.4%	25.3%	12.4%	17.9%
1980	107.6	1.7	45.7	21.1	10.2	23.0
1990	137.9	1.9	44.7	19.5	11.1	24.7
1993	137.7	1.9	44.5	18.5	12.2	24.8
1994	136.7	1.9	46.6	18.0	12.8	22.6
1995	144.2	2.0	47.2	17.3	12.5	23.0
1996	150.7	2.0	46.1	17.3	12.5	24.1

Source: *Giving USA 1997*

And there's no escaping this truth: the amount we give is inextricably linked to the amount we get. Private giving dipped as low at 1.7 per cent during the high-tax, high-inflation years of the 1970s before rebounding during the supposedly greedy Eighties. Policies aimed at raising economic growth almost automatically increase giving.

Religious organizations receive the lion's share of donations—46.1 per cent in 1996. (Members of religious organizations reportedly give twice as large a share of household income as non-members—2.3 per cent versus 1.1 per cent.) Health and human services, arguably the only category going directly to the poor, is second, now accounting for 17.3 per cent. This category has gradually declined, perhaps crowded out by government welfare programs.

Foundations account for a small (7.9 per cent) but rapidly growing source of giving. Contrary to what many think, these institutions channel a smaller share of their largesse to the poor than individual givers. Foundation giving is heavily linked to specific, often politically correct, causes. Gone are the days when the Rockefeller Foundation underwrote the search for a yellow-fever vaccine and Ford money sponsored the green revolution in agriculture.

Demographics favor the continued growth of foundation giving. Americans now 60 and older hold an estimated $10.4 trillion in stocks, real estate, and other forms of wealth. About a trillion is held by people with no children. As this group passes on, so will its wealth. Gifts in life usually consist of annual grants to charities; bequests at death are typically larger gifts parceled out via foundations.

Taxes—particularly the gift and estate tax—also favor foundation giving. During the 1980s the top income-tax rate fell from 70 per cent to 28 per cent while the top estate-tax rate remained at 60 per cent. In addition, gifts by living donors are deductible only up to half of annual income (or 20 per cent if donated to a foundation), while no limit is placed on the deductibility of charitable bequests at death.

Both Bill Gates and Warren Buffett say they plan to donate the bulk of their fortunes. Unless estate-tax rates are cut, those transfers will come only at their demise.

—Ed Rubenstein

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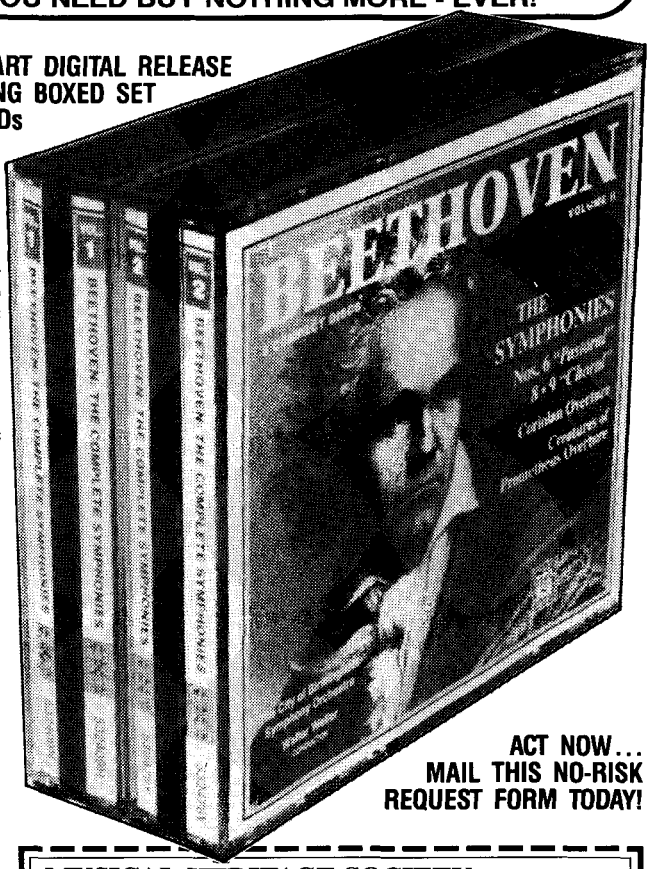

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of his missiles and his nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons has done extraordinary service—refusing to whitewash Saddam's noncompliance and, by its uncompromising semi-annual reports, reinforcing the continuation of UN sanctions. A frustrated Saddam evidently thought he could drive a wedge between the U.S. and other Security Council members; the U.S. had failed recently to win support for a toughening of sanctions, and it is well known that Russia, France, and others are eager to resume the oil trade. But Saddam miscalculated. His crude attempt to ban Americans from the inspection team, and his even cruder threat to shoot down the American U-2 planes that are critical to UN monitoring, did not play well. Unanimous Security Council resolutions call for Saddam to admit the UN inspection team as before. While other Security Council members shied away from endorsing military action, the U.S. has pointedly—and correctly—refused to rule it out.

■ Why the outrage surrounding Nelson Mandela's dalliance with Muammar Qaddafi? Mandela consorted with another terrorist for years, his ex-wife. In 1988, Mrs. Mandela and members of the Mandela United Football Club, her yellow-jumpsuited praetorian guard, beat and killed 14-year-old Stompie Moeketsi. Mrs. Mandela denied involvement in the killing, and, conveniently, Katiza Cebekhulu, the eyewitness who had planned to testify against her, disappeared before her trial. But British journalist Fred Bridgland has unearthed Cebekhulu, who has spent the last several years in a Zambian prison, apparently at Nelson Mandela's insistence. Cebekhulu's story, chronicled in Bridgland's new book, *Katiza's Journey: Beneath the Surface of South Africa's Shame*, indicts the woman whom many South Africans call "Mother of the Nation," Ted Kennedy has called an inspiration, and the Million Woman March featured as a speaker. It takes a lot of scandal to tarnish a liberal icon.

■ Quiz: Which of the following remarks was *not* made by Pol Pot in a recent interview explaining the activities of the Khmer Rouge in the mid 1970s? 1) "We were young." 2) "Our movement made mistakes like every other movement in the world." 3) "We had no reason to kill people, but of course things happened that made people suffer." 4) "There is no controlling legal authority."

Caligula Drops In

It was a bumpy evening;
Jiang eyed his serviette.
The band scrubbed "Hello, Dalai,"
And no one breathed "Tibet."
His Lincoln was affecting,
But customs still observed
By goons inside the Gulag
Left Madeleine unnerved.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Softly, Softly

THE lesson of the elections is that conservatism works, even though the Republican Party is often unaware of that fact.

In Virginia, Republican James Gilmore decisively beat Democrat Donald Beyer in the governor's race. Despite early bobbling over abortion, Gilmore came on strong with a plan to cut the personal property tax on cars. He was helped by maladroit Democratic campaigning: Beyer's attacks on the Religious Right kept them in Gilmore's camp, while President Clinton, in a last-minute appeal for Beyer, suggested that a vote for the tax-cutting Gilmore might be selfish. (An unusual rhetorical gaffe for Clinton—is the campaign-finance story getting to him?)

New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani became the first Republican mayor to be re-elected in over fifty years. Giuliani is a liberal, often a bumptious one, on a raft of issues—abortion, gay rights, immigration. But he could have been for slavery, or suttee, for all that mattered: his triumph was based on one issue, crime. He reinvented the conservative approach to law enforcement, stuck with it in the teeth of gripes by ACLU types and racial grievance mongers, and was rewarded with 57 per cent of the votes in the capital of liberalism. Giuliani's victory helped the GOP candidate win the only off-year House race: the seat vacated by Susan Molinari on Staten Island, Gotham City's own little bit of America. Vito Fossella handily beat Eric Vitaliano. Both the Republican and the Democrat were pro-life, unlike Miss Molinari, and so on that issue a conservative pick-up was guaranteed.

Across the Hudson, New Jersey governor Christine Todd Whitman experienced the fate of liberal Republicans who give nothing to the Right. Gov. Whitman had kept her pledge of four years ago to cut the state's taxes; that was her last good deed. In the years since, she made herself a GOP diva of social liberalism, going so far as to veto a state ban on partial-birth abortions. Even a strong state economy could not bewitch local conservatives into happiness with her. She squeaked to a narrow victory; her role as a soi-disant party spokesman, and possible candidate for national office, is over.

The ballot initiatives yield a mixed picture. In Houston a ballot initiative to end race and gender preferences lost, thanks in large part to hostile Democratic rewriting and Republican cowardice (see paragraph on page 14). Oregon's pro-euthanasia law was sustained by a 60–40 margin. Don't retire to Portland. But in Washington State, a home-stretch push by the National Rifle Association blocked handgun controls, and a measure adding gays to the list of protected classes under modern anti-discrimi-

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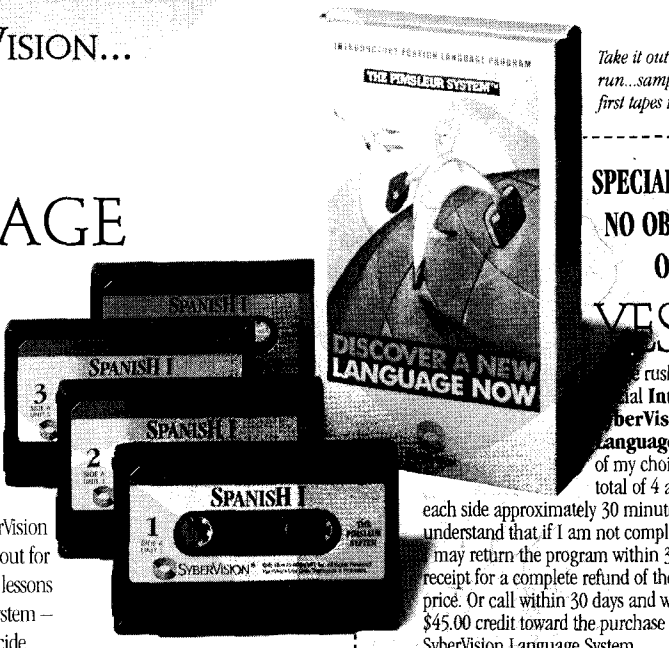

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nation laws failed. Washington voters also rejected medical marijuana—the wrong choice, but superficially an expression of social conservatism.

We are in a sleepy political period. The economy chugs along, there is peace in our time. People are prosperous and, in an inchoate way, well disposed to conservative ideas. But the case for them has to be made. The tools are there. Will the GOP do the job?

Veni, Vidi

THE centerpiece of Bill Clinton's summit with Jiang Zemin was an agreement to help China develop civilian nuclear power. This is a bonanza for U.S. companies, but its true significance is strategic: it presupposed a decision by the Administration that China's links with Iran are no obstacle to better U.S.–China relations. To be sure, the Chinese seem to be distancing themselves from Iran, because they suspect it is behind Islamic agitation in Xinjiang (Sinkiang). They also promised in writing to halt nuclear cooperation with Tehran. They promised to end sales of other weapons, such as anti-ship missiles—but not in writing.

A common Sino-American view of the Iranian threat would be some justification for President Clinton's confidence that he and Jiang are "strategic partners." But a heavy burden rests on the CIA: only if it can verify that China is keeping its promises on Iran can the relationship improve.

The preoccupation of America during the visit, of course, was not with strategic issues but with human rights. Clinton was undiplomatically blunt with Jiang in their joint news conference. But there are many ironies here. Some on the Left seem to have noticed only recently that China is a Communist dictatorship. Post–Cold War, anti-Communism is suddenly fashionable, divorced as it now is from U.S. interests. So Richard Gere starred at a Lafayette Park rally and at a "stateless dinner" (honoring Tibet) coinciding with the state dinner at the White House. The Princess Dianaization of foreign policy is at hand. But the biggest demonstration—and biggest irony—was at Harvard. Under Prof. John K. Fairbank, Harvard was deeply enamored of Peking when the "progressive" Mao was murdering 40 to 80 million of his own people; now, when the repression is considerably less than genocidal, Harvard is a hotbed of criticism.

But the test of Jiang's impact will be in Congress, which was polite enough to defer some critical votes until his departure. Rep. Chris Cox has a well-crafted package of "targeted" sanctions, which would strengthen the President's hand in blocking Chinese espionage, broadcasting truth to the Mainland, punishing those responsible for religious persecution, and bolstering Taiwan.

Ultimately, however, Communist rule will erode because of historical evolution rather than congressional pronouncements. If we maintain our military dominance in the Pacific and our defense commitments, China's emergence as a great power will be manageable. So the most important event in our China policy last week may have been Speaker Gingrich's pledge that Congress would prevent the further erosion of our defense budget.

The Left Cleans Up

IT IS often said that the Left is on the run, losing confidence in its causes, increasingly speaking the language of conservatism. But there is one great exception. On the environment the Left is on a roll. Last summer President Clinton sided with Carol Browner, the head of the Environmental Protection Agency, almost the only advocate in the Administration of new "clean air" standards that have no practical benefits and huge costs. Opposed by most of the Cabinet, major Democratic figures in Congress, labor unions, and business, these standards were supported only by leftist health and environment lobbies. But the Left won.

More serious still is the Administration's embrace of the UN Climate Change Treaty. The fine print is to be negotiated in Kyoto next month, but the broad outline is a commitment by developed countries to drastically curtail their emissions of "greenhouse gases." The allegation is that increasing levels of CO_2—the inevitable by-product of combustion—in the atmosphere threaten to increase global temperatures catastrophically, melting ice caps, flooding low-lying lands, and exacerbating hurricanes, droughts, and floods.

Such scare scenarios are based on scant science. The most accurate global temperature measurements made by instruments in balloons and on satellites show no global warming during the past twenty years. Surface measurements, most taken near cities and hence affected by urban development, suggest slight increases. Computer models of climatic processes are the major sources of con-

Bruce Babbitt's Indians

When a tribe in bleak Wisconsin
Sent an urgent note to Babbitt,
Sent it first class, lacking kindling,
To the Secretary's village,
Pleading for a slot casino:
Bruce, forewarned by shady nations
Who soft-soap the Great White Father,
Put the kibosh on the treaty.
Now the squaw, Big Janet, tracks him.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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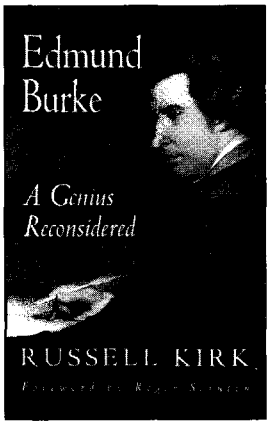

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cern, but they are only as good as their assumptions. And since they poorly explain historical temperature patterns, they are a dubious basis for prediction.

In any case, if the Third World is exempt from emission controls, as proposed in the UN treaty, then total emissions may not be much affected. Heavy industry will relocate to avoid the First World's taxes and regulations.

Twenty years ago environmentalists argued that we were "running out" of carbon fuels and should accept taxes and controls to conserve energy for future generations. With that absurdity exploded, they had to find another justification for the same policies. Timothy Wirth, President Clinton's ambassador for the environment, let the cat out of the bag: "Even if the theory of global warming is wrong we will be doing the right thing in terms of both economic policy and environmental policy."

Recently Mr. Clinton has announced that he would aim at Kyoto for emission standards less draconian than those advocated by Western European countries (which are already less dependent on fossil fuels and so anxious to entrench their competitive advantage). But to concede the principle of international control in return for its light application is a bad bargain. Taxes and regulation would inevitably be ratcheted upwards over time. And the environmentalist camel has a very large nose.

The Week in Verse

Across the broad *Pacific* here comes *Jiang*
(Well-sheathed the *Dragon's* claw and hid her fang)
To take among the powers of earth his place
And show of *Tyranny* a human face.
True, hardly did he look an autocrat
While beaming from beneath a tricorn hat,
Nor rose to join the feeble protests when
He spoke of peace the ghosts of *Tiananmen*.
'Tis "history" that his excuse still makes
(Though "history," it seems, can make "mistakes")—
Which *Marx* and *Lenin's* theories will outlast
When *History* itself lives in the past.

As they approached their *Summit's* lively bash
A thud on *Wall Street* signified a crash,
Which everyone predicted, no one feared,
And gladly gloomy *Greenspan* loudly cheered.
Nor would the fickle market long deny
This simple truth: the price is low, you buy.
Once more it seemed that laughing *Hist'ry* winked
And hinted that the *Bear's* become extinct—
Except on Asia's wild and woolly shores
Where newly poor *Malaysias*, *Singapores*,
And *Indonesias* cry as we were deaf
And rattle tin cups at the *IMF*.

How far away the hub of empire seems
From where the *Indies* dream *Amer'can* dreams
And build skyscrapers overtopping ours
As emblems of their longed-for world powers
As once in *Colchis* Jason sought the fleece
They look to us for dollars, world peace,
The rule of law (if *Starr* can get the goods),
And—soon, perhaps—"village" parenthoods,
And doing right (by one's polit'cal friend)
And self-control (till *Thompson's* hearings end).
They look to us, the *Indian* and *Chinee*,
But shining cities isn't what they see.

—JUVENAL

Ivy League Bombshell

THE admissions process at highly selective colleges has just been exposed to daylight by a former admissions officer at Dartmouth. Michelle Hernandez's book *A Is for Admission: The Insider's Guide to Getting into the Ivy League and Other Top Colleges* (Warner Books) has become an instant best-seller among people looking for tips on how to do it. Dartmouth College, however, sees it not as a how-to book for college applicants but as an act of whistleblowing. Though not contesting any actual fact in Mrs. Hernandez's book, it has attacked her motives. Thus *Newsweek* reports "rumors" that her husband was denied tenure by Dartmouth. Hence . . .

Please. Among Mrs. Hernandez's many revelations is the fact that a "minority" applicant to Dartmouth (and, of course, to other similar institutions) can be admitted with test scores some 200 points below those of a white applicant who is rejected. Those are major differences in qualifications, and the differences show up in academic performance.

The very word "minority" in such places as Dartmouth is Orwellian. Asians, for example, are discriminated against in admissions; yet their four-year achievement in grades is used by Dartmouth when it boasts about "minority" academic achievement.

Michelle Hernandez's book is rich in detail, but the fundamental proposition seems clear enough. Is it defensible in policy, ethics, or law to discriminate in favor of one American against another American on the basis of race? The answer seems obvious. If it is not obvious, then Hitler, although he lost his war militarily, won it intellectually in urging race as the primary category.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: WFB
From: JMcF

Bill: My, the company we keep! . . . I assume you couldn't have missed the front-page story, but—

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Priscilla Told Miles, I Won't, But Two Descendants Say, I Do

By Robert D. McFadden

It was just a romantic legend, based on real people who landed aboard the *Mayflower* at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620. But as generations of Americans have learned, Miles Standish, a captain who could brave cannon fire but not the eyes of a woman, sent his trusted lieutenant, John Alden, with his marriage proposal to Priscilla Mullens, who answered, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

The tale, created by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in his famous 1858 poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," had an apparently happy ending: John and Priscilla were married (as they were in reality, and had 11 children), while Standish, after a fit of rage, became a magnanimous loser and went on to become the hero of Plymouth Colony.

It all might have ended there.

But Saturday, some 377 years and 14 or more generations after Priscilla rejected Standish and they went their separate ways, descendants of the two finally got together: Caroline Hannaford Pillsbury, a Standish descendant, and Andrew Oliver 2nd, who traces his lineage to Priscilla and John Alden, were married at the Episcopal Church of the Ascension and St. Agnes in Washington.

"The historical-literary connection is fun and interesting, but it was not the decisive factor in our getting together," said Mr. Oliver, . . . "The decisive factor," he added, "was love."

Mr. Oliver, 27, the articles editor for the NATIONAL REVIEW in New York, said that, unlike Standish, he had used no intermediary to propose marriage . . .

Jim: Good show. The *New York Times* has a full-time reporter watching the activity of *NR*'s junior editors. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

When I read JMcF's item in "Notes & Asides" (July 28) and your reply, I thought "Huh?" It was a moment's reaction, quickly forgotten. There is much other good stuff to read in *NR*.

Imagine my surprise when "Notes & Asides" (Sept. 15) was devoted entirely to "*tohu bohu*." I learned more than I ever wanted to know about the subject.

Your gracious show of rare fallibility, humility, and acknowledgment of the vast collective knowledge lurking out there in the hinterlands was great.

One wishes such collective wisdom would come from inside the Beltway; but there is too much *tohu bohu* there.

One also wishes all in Congress would read *NR*. However, I believe agency briefings are written at the eighth-grade level to be sure everyone understands what the problem is. Even that does not seem to help.

Cordially,
John Hirsch
Eagles Mere, Pa.

■ Dear Sir:

Since my public-school education did not provide me with a high level of knowledge of English, a working knowledge of French and Latin, or even a middling familiarity with the history of civilization, I generally keep a dictionary and concise encyclopedia nearby when reading WFB. I'm not complaining, mind you; actually I'm happy to be getting my education now, in part through *NR*.

But given WFB's high expectations of his readers, it is astounding that he feels he must inform us, apparently in all seriousness, that "demos," this most ubiquitous of vernacularisms, means "demonstrations" ("On the Right," Sept. 29). Does he truly believe that his flock would somehow have missed it? Has he never spoken for more than a minute to a salesman? Installed a program? Shopped?

Talk about Washington being out of touch. This is completely *tohu bohu*.

Cordially,
David Milano
Wellsboro, Pa.

Dear Mr. Milano: Sometimes he is really out of it, I agree. Cordially, —WFB

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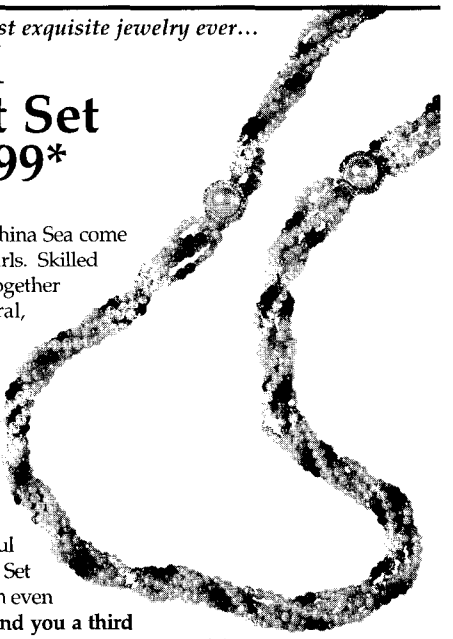

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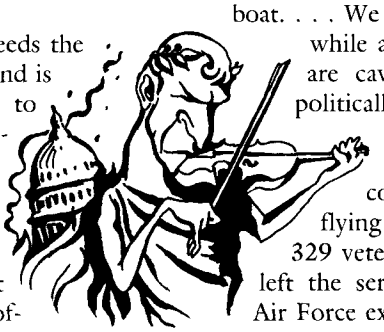
BREAD & CIRCUSES

THIRTY years ago Bill Clinton candidly admitted that he "loathed" the military. His stewardship of the armed forces since 1993 confirms his alienation from their core values and purposes. And, in turn, there is mounting evidence of a seriously demoralized military. Young men are less inclined to join the services, and seasoned officers are less inclined to remain in them.



Historically, the Army needs the largest number of recruits and is therefore the first service to experience disappointing enlistment trends. And, sure enough, this year it appeared that the Army would fail to make its enlistment quota for the first time since 1979. Only by offering higher enlistment bonuses (and thanks to the Pentagon's reducing the accessions requirement by 7,700 recruits) was the Army able to meet its quota. But it still fell far short of its target in combat-arms specialties. Enlistments for the infantry came in at only 72 per cent of mission; for the artillery, at 61 per cent.

The reduction in size of the armed forces over the last several years (which has now ended) may have masked the fact that young men were more keen to serve in Ronald Reagan's Army than in Bill Clinton's. Surveys by the Department of Defense reveal that in 1989, 17 per cent of 16-to-21-year-old males were inclined to enlist; today, only 12 per cent are. The decline in interest has been particularly steep among blacks and Hispanics—owing, says the *Wall Street Journal,* to the "dilution of the warrior culture."

This explanation is supported by the fact that Hispanics now account for only 6 per cent of the Army, whereas in recent years they have accounted for 12 per cent of Marine recruits. Young men are still attracted to the only service that displays pride and institutional self-confidence. General Charles Krulak, Commandant of the Marine Corps, recently explained the difference between his service and the others in a remarkably candid e-mail exchange with a frustrated Marine lieutenant, reported in the *Washington Times*. After noting that the Marines had recently raised their recruiting standards, General Krulak pointed out that they are also the only service that has kept the sexes apart during basic training. "And if you think we haven't had to fight to do all of this," he went on, "you are really missing the boat. . . . We are holding the line while all the other services are caving in to what is politically correct."

Because their leadership has caved in, combat aviators are flying away. Last year, 329 veteran Air Force pilots left the service; this year, the Air Force expects to lose another 414. In two years, it will have lost more than half of its most experienced aviators. News reports and internal Air Force assessments attribute this costly attrition to a lack of trust in military and civilian leaders. It costs about $5 million to train a combat-ready pilot, and last year only 45 per cent of Navy pilots decided to stay beyond their 14th year of service. The ongoing Tailhook witchhunt is expensive in more ways than one.

Recent Army studies confirm the lack of confidence in leadership and confusion about mission. An Army survey of 22,000 soldiers found that only 37 per cent of men and 24 per cent of women would feel confident about going to war with their company. Only 40 per cent of men felt they could stake their lives on the skills of their fellow soldiers and were impressed with the company's leadership. It may be a soldier's lot to complain, but service morale is based ultimately on his conviction that he is part of a highly effective unit.

Less surprisingly, only 33 per cent of the Army's women (and 57 per cent of its men) believe that its central mission is to fight wars. This may be because women have little interest in fighting wars. Despite the media brouhaha, studies reveal that only 11 per cent of enlisted women and 14 per cent of women officers would volunteer for combat. And with women making up an ever larger part of the armed forces, it should cause some concern that 52 per cent of them would "probably or definitely" leave the service if forced into combat positions.

Yet it is to accommodate these uninterested women that the leadership has diluted the martial ethic, thereby making the armed forces less attractive to young men. A female drill instructor at Fort Jackson, S.C., explains what co-ed basic training is meant to teach male enlistees in today's Army: "A lot of recruits come in here with hidden agendas, including chauvinism, so it's important for them to get a chance to train and work with females and see that [women] can carry their own weight under difficult circumstances." The lesson is not taking. Last month an Army survey revealed that only 50 per cent of men believed that female colleagues "pulled their load."

THE response of the authorities to such obstinacy is to obtain more pliable men. Duke University law professor Madeline Morris—a former "consultant on gender integration" to Army Secretary Togo West—explains that the military must eliminate "masculinist attitudes" such as "dominance, assertiveness, aggressiveness, independence, self-sufficiency, and willingness to take risks." These, of course, are what we used to call "fighting qualities."

Professor Morris no longer advises Mr. West, but her views are obviously shared by the Pentagon's civilian leadership. With the singular exception of General Krulak, the Pentagon's uniformed leaders, whose decorations attest to their physical bravery, lack the moral courage to confront those who are destroying the morale of their troops. Military journals print despairing commentaries from junior and retired officers about the twilight of the warrior culture. The fact that senior uniformed leadership has gone AWOL on an issue of such fundamental importance is at the heart of the services' loss of *esprit*.

Republicans could revive their own flagging morale by conducting an honest battle-damage assessment of Bill Clinton's military. But that would require the GOP to find the moral courage to stand up to the feminists.

—KATE O'BEIRNE

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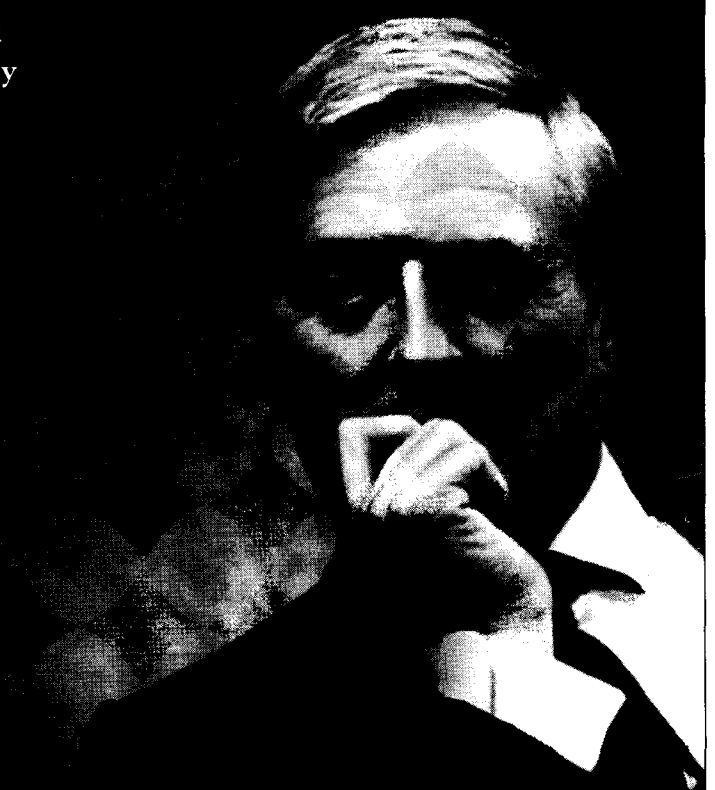

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CAPITAL SCENE

New Democratic Faith

RICH LOWRY

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

BEFORE Sen. Fred Thompson (R., Tenn.) had even begun his campaign-fundraising hearings, the Democrats on his committee were trying to block damaging testimony from reaching the public—with one exception. Sen. Joseph Lieberman (D., Conn.) recalls an early meeting with his Democratic colleagues in which "they kind of appealed to me" to help block immunity for the Buddhist nuns Thompson wanted to testify—ostensibly because Thompson wasn't allowing the Democrats to subpoena GOP-allied groups. "I thought the grant-of-immunity question was so important it ought not be traded [for subpoenas]," says Lieberman. "I made my case, and that was the end of it."

But if Lieberman broke ranks during the hearings—winning the respect of Republicans with his forthright criticisms of the Clinton Administration—his Democratic colleagues can count on him to vote with them on campaign-finance reform. Which is typical of Lieberman—an independent thinker who is a fairly reliable party-line voter; a thoroughgoing Democrat whose integrity wins him GOP plaudits. In 1993 Lieberman voted with President Clinton 95 per cent of the time—yet the Republican governor of Connecticut briefly floated the idea of the GOP's endorsing him for re-election. In 1995 he had a rating from the liberal Americans for Democratic Action of 95 per cent—but he still gets high marks from conservative Republicans.

Asked about the high ADA rating, Sen. Dan Coats (R., Ind.), a friend and admirer of Lieberman's, can't believe it: "I'm surprised at that number because clearly he has staked out positions . . . that I would think would not be on the plus side of the ADA ratings." Indeed, Lieberman is hawkish on defense, supports school choice, and is comfortable talking about values. But Lieberman the social conservative voted against the partial-birth-abortion ban; Lieberman the foe of tax increases voted for the Clinton tax hike in 1993. The package is held together by Lieberman's thoughtful and genial public manner—and potentially represents a Democratic politics smart and appealing enough to make him President one day.

Joe Lieberman, like Bill Clinton, went to Yale Law School, and dived into reform Democratic politics at an early age. In 1970, he won election to the state senate at age 28 (Clinton was a volunteer worker on his campaign), stuffed with all the progressive pieties of a 1970s liberal. That quickly began to change. His house in New Haven was broken into and he saw first-hand the "the relentless effect of crime on people in the cities." He also became an ally of Democratic governor Ella Grasso, who fostered business development as the best possible jobs program.

Lieberman suffered a setback when he lost the primary for a House race in 1980. But he bounced back in 1982 by winning election as state attorney general. He gained friendly headlines by taking on popular consumer issues. Then, in 1988, Lieberman ran against liberal Sen. Lowell Weicker (R., Conn.). Lieberman outflanked Weicker to the Right on nearly everything, famously winning the endorsement of *NR*, and barely edged out the incumbent with the support of disaffected Republicans.

Republicans still adore him. "On our side of the aisle he's clearly one of the most respected guys in the body," says one top GOP Senate staffer. This is partly a result of Lieberman's personal style. He is a listener as empathetic as any high-school counselor, and he exudes trustworthiness and intelligence. As one conservative activist puts it, "I don't know of many people in public life who would pass the Bob Dole test of 'Who would you want to raise your children?' but he's one."

LIEBERMAN is also a man of deep faith. Coats became a friend when they found themselves sitting next to each other on a plane, both reading Scripture. An Orthodox Jew, Lieberman refused to campaign on the Sabbath or on various Jewish holidays during his crucial stretch run against Weicker. He realizes that politics can't be divorced from values, and from their well-spring in faith. "There are a lot of Democrats who are actually very religious but don't talk much about it," says Ed Kilgore of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council (DLC). "He is constantly warning Democrats that . . . you shouldn't hide it."

Lieberman refused to campaign on the Sabbath during his run against Lowell Weicker.

Lieberman doesn't. He was an early supporter of efforts to crack down on religious persecution world-wide: "It is time for us to make it clear that once again we hear the blood of the faithful crying out from the ground." He has joined Bill Bennett in jawboning the entertainment industry on violence, and he has pushed the V-chip and criticized the TV rating system as too soft on in-

Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

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Virtue And the Free Society

AMERICA was founded by men and women who believed that core values like honesty, integrity, self-discipline, and abstinence were essential to the preservation of the free society and to the development of personal virtue. For generations, such values were taught in the home, the school, the church, and the local community. Today, however, they have come under heavy assault in the public school system, in the media, and in popular culture, where the new mantra is: "If it feels good, do it."

But what has been trumpeted as "moral liberation" actually enslaves us. Worse yet, it threatens to destroy our children, who are growing up in a world that increasingly resembles the worst nightmare visions of MTV.

Fortunately, there are institutions dedicated to the proposition advanced by Benjamin Franklin that "only a virtuous people are capable of freedom." One of them is Hillsdale College, a pioneer in higher education since 1844. This small college has courageously led the fight for independence and traditional values for over a century and a half, proudly earning a reputation as "the most politically incorrect college in America." **It staunchly refuses all federal funds,** and it has extended its educational mission to an unprecedented national audience through *Imprimis*, a monthly speech digest that is free upon request and that features some of the most important leaders of our day.

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dustry. These positions hold little risk for Lieberman, in that sense bearing a close resemblance to his consumer advocacy of old.

But Lieberman can be bold. He was a proponent of the Gulf War Resolution in 1991, helping deliver enough Democrats to pass it. "That was a defining moment for him," says Lieberman's former chief of staff, Michael Lewan. "'I don't care what the leadership thinks, I'm doing this.'" Today Lieberman actively supports charter schools and school choice. In October he made a speech on the Senate floor in favor of the D.C. school-choice bill, arguing that it was in the Democratic party's best tradition of increasing opportunity.

Whereas other Democrats talk about entitlement, Lieberman and his fellow centrists in the DLC (he has headed the organization since 1995) emphasize opportunity. Lieberman champions a Democratic politics shorn of all its liberal, big-government vulnerabilities on taxes, defense, and the culture. But there is still a nugget of governmental activism at its core. That's one reason he says FDR would be a DLC Democrat today. The other is FDR's willingness to adjust to new political circumstances. For Lieberman being a "New Democrat" is almost a matter of temperament, of flexibility and honest thinking. Which is why it is so easy to mistake his personality for his politics.

Lieberman's problem is that he sometimes out-thinks himself. He is personally opposed to abortion, but is prochoice. Earlier this year Lieberman even opposed the partial-birth ban on the theory that since all abortion is horrific he couldn't vote to outlaw this one particular, horrific procedure. "It doesn't compute for me," says Lieberman's friend Bill Bennett. On the Clarence Thomas confirmation vote in 1990, Lieberman went from supporting to opposing the nomination in an agonizing, messy decision, and his tussles of conscience over whether to vote for the Clinton budget package in 1993 sometimes seemed too exquisite to be real.

Lieberman, nonetheless, has powerful attractions. For Democrats, he offers much the same scaled-down vision of activist government as Bill Clinton—without the naked ambition and the loose ethics. For Republicans, he offers a Democrat they can respect. Bill Bennett wants him to run for national office. Michael Horowitz of the Hudson Institute says Lieberman's "brand of Old Testament virtue is an extraordinarily important thing. It reminds me of Reagan." Lieberman remembers telling his fellow Democrats at the outset of the Thompson hearings, "We shouldn't feel that we have to defend the indefensible." It was a formula that served Lieberman well—and, applied more generally, it could well carry him to national prominence. □

Slender Is the Newt

MICHAEL BARONE

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IT IS time to say a few good words about Newt Gingrich. Not that he has done a perfect job as Speaker, not that his tactics have always been on target, not that he has not made concessions to statism and Clintonian fudging that conservatives ought to criticize. There are plenty of bad things to say about Gingrich, as there are about most practicing politicians. But the steady drumbeat of criticism of Gingrich and calls for his ouster in NATIONAL REVIEW and other conservative publications paint a misleading picture.

Start by putting into perspective his great historic achievement. If Newt Gingrich had been run over by a truck in 1993, it is almost certain that there would not be a Republican majority in the House today. Few other congressional politicians have made such a difference in partisan history. Gingrich's articulation of a Republican agenda, culminating in the September 1994 Contract with America; his avid recruitment of candidates; his continual assertion since his election to the leadership by two votes in March 1989, that Republicans could win a majority—without all these, Republicans would probably have made gains in the House elections in 1994, but would have fallen well short of a majority. And, with Bill Clinton winning re-election, they would not have made further gains in 1996.

To be sure, Gingrich made errors after the Republicans took Congress. His sureness that he could win a showdown budget battle with Bill Clinton in 1995 turned out to be unfounded. But few conservatives and not many more liberals predicted that: the almost universal prediction was that Clinton would back down. When he didn't, Gingrich's lack of a fallback position was disastrous. But what conservative politician had one? His acceptance of increased domestic spending and the health-care entitlement for children in the 1997 budget deal was inconsistent with conservative principle. But what conservative had a better political strategy?

The fact is that since the 1996 election Gingrich has recognized a political fact of life which most of his conservative critics would like to ignore: that Bill Clinton, in a time of peace and prosperity, has a solidly positive job rating and that, with help from a 90 per cent Democratic press, he can control the framing of issues in any partisan struggle. Clinton's second-term numbers are not quite as high as Ronald Reagan's or Dwight Eisenhower's, but they are high enough. Sam Rayburn and Tip O'Neill served their party well by avoiding head-on showdowns with Eisenhower and Reagan, despite vocal criticism from liberal quarters. Gingrich has followed their lead.

When people think times are good, that the nation is moving in the right direction, and that the President is doing a good job, it is to your advantage to run on achievements rather than complaints. Gingrich has positioned congressional Republicans so to run. He has helped the Republican Congress

Mr. Barone is Senior Writer at U.S. News & World Report.

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win positive ratings in the polls—not as positive as Clinton's (but then, individuals typically score better in polls than groups) but positive enough to allow for a Republican victory in 1998. He did the same thing in 1996, when agreement between the Republican Congress and the Democratic President on welfare reform, a modest health-care bill, and the budget deal enabled both to win re-election in November.

But, many conservatives ask, haven't Gingrich and company conceded too much to Clinton in the 1997 budget agreement? Haven't they failed to articulate differences between the parties which Republicans can run on in 1998 and 2000? And doesn't Gingrich sound just a bit too much like one of those motivation speakers rousing a crowd of salesmen, when he rattles off three-point visions, five-point strategies, three-point projects, and seven-point tactics?

To each of these questions my answer is, well, maybe, at least in part, up to a point—but even so there is plenty to say in his behalf. Sure, it is possible to lament parts of the 1997 budget agreement. The Medicare reforms are bludgeoning price controls; the child tax credit is puny; pumping money into colleges is dumb when the real underperformers are high schools and grade schools. Clinton, threatened by scandal and with only 49 per cent of the vote in 1996, and the Republican Congress, with an unpopular Speaker and only 49 per cent of the vote in 1996, reached not a smart compromise born of corresponding strengths but dumb compromises born of corresponding weaknesses. But for Republicans that is far better than a battle over budget vetoes which they cannot win so long as the President is popular and the press corps is biased the way it is.

As for articulating differences, critics write as if Gingrich should be doing everything all at once; but in the American political calendar, to every thing there is a season. Gingrich has in fact done far more than any other congressional leader since the Reconstruction to articulate a vision for his party. Not without some missteps, to be sure, but it is a tricky road he is traveling. On the one hand, Republicans must make some compromises if they are to hold their congressional majorities in 1998 and demonstrate that they are a responsible governing party; otherwise they cannot hope to win an across-the-board victory in 2000. At the same time, they must point up contrasts, or otherwise voters may opt for Democrats in 1998 or a Clintonesque President in 2000. And they must communicate through hostile media. As Gingrich says, "Communicating through elite media is like sailing into a hurricane, even though you have the advantage of a huge underlying current moving your way."

Gingrich's latest effort to communicate goals was his speech to the International Conservative Congress September 28. He called for tax reform "so we can abolish the IRS as we know it." That's obviously in tension with the 1997 tax compromise, which made the Internal Revenue Code more complex, and it skates over the serious differences between Dick Armey's flat tax and Bill Archer's consumption tax—not to mention the likelihood that Bill Clinton would veto either one. But it does hint at the position Bill Paxon has staked out for sunsetting the Internal Revenue Code on a date certain, which could turn out to be a viable political strategy.

Just keeping Republicans in office has made an enormous difference.

On education, Gingrich called for a simplified aid-to-education program and a focus on the failure of public schools to educate children adequately. This capitalizes on the growing perception that unionized teachers, dumbed down by education school, are not serving children well. Gingrich also promises to take on racial quotas and preferences—an issue on which he has gone back and forth—even as California voters got rid of them in 1996's Proposition 209. Gingrich also casts a distant eye on pension reform; "this will take several years," he says, looking ahead to when the third rail of American politics (as Social Security has been called) shifts to the other side of the tracks.

Not a bad set of priorities and trial balloons for a conservative, I think. It is more than one would normally expect from a single legislative leader. And if Gingrich is to be criticized for sacrificing principle to maintain Republicans in office, it can be argued that just keeping Republicans in the majority has made an enormous difference, not just in Washington government but in American life. Since the Republicans won the 1994 election, the Dow has doubled, the welfare rolls have been cut by 25 per cent, and crime has fallen by almost as much. The American people are richer, less dependent, safer than they were just a few years ago, and by margins almost no one anticipated. I think it can be plausibly argued that the first two would not have happened if the Republicans had not won and held Congress—and the last would not have happened if Rudolph Giuliani had not been elected Mayor of New York in 1993. Not that Gingrich's or Giuliani's actions directly forced these things to happen. But the Republican Congress and the Greenspan Fed gave heart to investors, while the Republican Congress and Giuliani's police department withdrew the sanction other officeholders a generation ago gave to welfare dependency and criminal behavior.

So give Gingrich some credit. His professorial style may turn off many otherwise Republican-inclined voters; his salesman-like patter may turn off Ivy League neoconservatives; his pugnacity may get him in needless trouble with the press. Still, Gingrich reminds me of one of the leading figures in Churchill's *Life of Marlborough*, King William III. A Dutchman, cool in his personal demeanor, William III was unloved in his country and his capital; he was an outsider who took over a great kingdom almost by accident; as King of England, Stadtholder of Holland, and leader of the alliance against Louis XIV, he undertook responsibilities far beyond the capacity of any one man, and so his performance was often ragged. Yet he made a difference; in his reign began annual Parliaments and the Bank of England, representative government and international finance as we know them today; he held the line against Catholic France and preserved the liberties of his sullen subjects and rebellious allies. Gingrich, approaching his twentieth year in Congress, is a stranger in insider Washington and a disliked figure beyond the Beltway; he has taken on the responsibilities of long-term strategist and short-term tactician without either the institutional means or all the personal skills needed to fulfill them. Like William III, he inspires little loyalty and may not be missed when he falls. William III had to wait until Macaulay wrote, 150 years later, to be appreciated; perhaps conservatives today should give Gingrich a little credit. □

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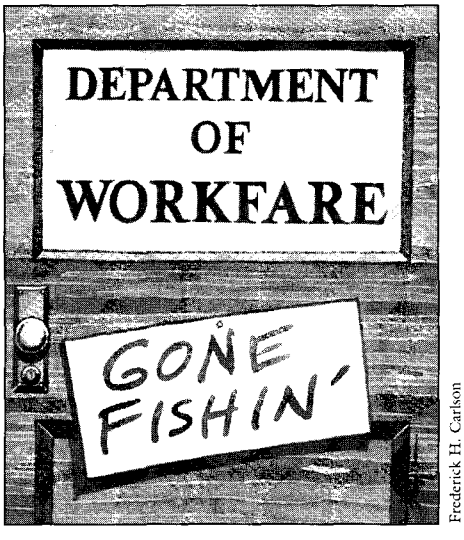
ON THE SCENE

The Welfare Paradise

BRIAN T. KENNEDY



Frederick H. Carlson

SACRAMENTO

FOR thirty years conservatives have decried the fact that the welfare state leads to continuing poverty, economic dependency, broken homes, illegitimacy, juvenile crime, and assorted other social pathologies. Lately they have found themselves in a position to do something about it. And they've come up squeamish.

Consider California. One in five Americans on welfare lives here—2.3 million on Aid to Families with Dependent Children (or its post-1996 equivalent) alone. And while Democrats have majorities in the state Assembly and Senate, Republicans claim strong legislative contingents, a reform-minded governor, and a solid majority of the electorate favoring welfare reform.

Indeed, for a while things looked promising. After last summer's landmark federal reform bill tying grants to strict work requirements, Gov. Pete Wilson proposed an overhaul of the system under the guidance of his Social Services Director, Eloise Anderson—previously the architect of Wisconsin's successful welfare-reform plan.

However, Democratic leaders responded with a plan deceptively entitled "California Works," which expanded the existing no-work system. Negotiations proceeded behind closed doors, and a "compromise" emerged with the full support of the Republican leadership. The governor signed the bill.

Unfortunately, the compromise provides for a "child-only safety net," which turns out to be the welfare state's shield against any real reform. The theory is that only adult welfare recipients should be penalized for failure to work in return for benefits—and not their children. In practice, the child-only net undermines the power of work requirements. For instance, an unwed welfare mother with two children who flatly refuses to comply with such requirements—as well as requirements to send her children to school, stay free of drugs, etc.—will continue to receive food stamps, free medical care, often a rent subsidy, and $456 in cash per month (down from $565). In addition, she will continue to get other government services like supplemental nutrition programs, and private charitable offers of more food, clothing, shelter, etc.

Wisconsin has demonstrated the success of real reform: supplying cash benefits only in direct proportion to the number of hours recipients show up for work. Those who don't show up at all get no cash or food stamps at all. However, in California even the very worst welfare scofflaws will have their checks reduced, on average, by only $109 a month—that is, less than 25 per cent. Needless to say, many will decline to seek employment.

By introducing this "child-only safety net" policy-makers not only refused the opportunity to initiate real reform, they established a state welfare entitlement to replace the federal entitlement that was eliminated in last summer's reform. Why? They say the alternative—that the state would be forced into the business of placing large numbers of children in foster homes—is too cruel.

However, Wisconsin's experience refutes this false dilemma: faced with significant reductions or even termination of cash benefits, most welfare recipients alter their behavior—whether by performing community service, moving in with relatives, getting married, obtaining a private-sector job, or some combination of these. And Wisconsin's welfare rolls have fallen 60 per cent.

Furthermore, although *some* able-bodied welfare parents will undoubtedly resist all prodding and punishment, in those cases placing the children with other relatives or in foster homes is a *less* cruel alternative to leaving them with demonstrably negligent, indifferent parents.

Why do so many conservatives, many of whom can cite chapter and verse from Robert Rector or Charles Murray on the evils of the welfare state, become unmanned by the prospect of actually putting a stop to it? The most common rationale offered by conservative legislators in Sacramento is that welfare reform is a "losing issue." And in fact, it may be the case that, given the liberal lock on the legislature, conservatives couldn't make more than a few dents in the armor of the welfare state. But that doesn't excuse the conservative leadership for abandoning the larger argument, or claiming success by agreeing to this "compromise."

In California, even the very worst welfare scofflaws will have their checks reduced by only $109 a month.

A few years before the American Revolution, Benjamin Franklin distinguished America's democratic welfare system from England's paternalistic model: no country, he said, had more anti-poverty provisions than England, "with a solemn general law made by the

Mr. Kennedy is Director of the Claremont Institute's Golden State Center in Sacramento, California.

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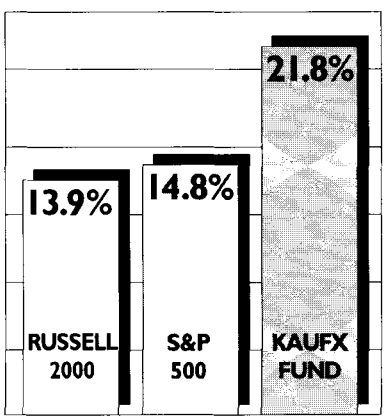

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rich to subject their estates to a heavy tax for the support of the poor"; but at the same time "there is no country in the world in which the poor are more idle, dissolute, drunken, and insolent." "In short," Franklin concluded, the English aristocracy "offered a premium for the encouragement of idleness, and . . . we should not now wonder that it has had the effect of an increase in poverty." In America, on the other hand, the purpose of welfare had been "not making [the poor] easy in poverty, but leading or driving them out of it."

For Franklin, welfare policy was of a piece with the question of the regime, of what a nation is and means. A self-governing democracy requires self-governing citizens; a limited or constitutional government must treat its citizens as responsible adults rather than helpless children.

Unfortunately, many conservative legislators today are too young to recall a time when the staunchly democratic principles of Franklin still held sway. Today, real welfare reform appears more revolutionary than conservative. However, insofar as welfare statism has transformed our regime to the paternalistic model decried by Franklin, true welfare reform becomes a kind of refounding. And refounding, like founding, requires a firm grasp of first principles.

If conservatives are to live up to their names—conserving what is best in America rather than trying to become more efficient caretakers of the welfare state—they better start hitting some older books. □

Australian for Upset

JOHN STONE

Frederick H. Carlson

MELBOURNE

IN March 1996, Australia's Labor government, led by Prime Minister Paul Keating, was defeated by the Coalition (Liberal and National) parties in the greatest electoral landslide in 65 years.

Yet early in the vote count all eyes were diverted from this national outcome to focus on the truly remarkable result unfolding in the district of Oxley, centered on the town of Ipswich, near Brisbane in the state of Queensland.

Mr. Stone, formerly the head of the Australian Treasury, is a columnist for the Australian Financial Review.

Oxley, traditionally Labor's safest Queensland seat in the House of Representatives, was electing an Independent candidate, a hitherto almost unknown fish-and-chips shop proprietor, Mrs. Pauline Hanson.

Mrs. Hanson, 41 years old at the time of her election, was a small-businesswoman who had grown up in Ipswich, been twice married (with four children), and enjoyed several other relationships of greater or lesser durability. She was selected in late 1995 as the Liberal candidate in a seat which that party had virtually no hope of winning. However, early in the campaign she was disendorsed by the Liberals for refusing to withdraw a comment to Brisbane's *Courier Mail* that "Aborigines were primarily responsible for racism in Australia."

A notably stubborn woman, Mrs. Hanson maintained her candidacy as an Independent—although, the ballot papers having already been printed, she still appeared on them as Liberal. Controversy raged, with Labor, and most other, candidates strongly condemning Mrs. Hanson for her politically incorrect views.

On election day, Pauline Hanson polled 48.6 per cent of primary votes cast; the Labor candidate, a sitting member who had served for seven years, polled only 39.4 per cent. After distribution of preferences under Australia's transferable-vote system, Mrs. Hanson won with 54.7 per cent of the two-party preferred vote, with Labor taking 45.3 per cent. The two-party preferred "swing" against Labor was an astonishing 19.3 per cent. By comparison, the swing for all House seats across Australia was 5.1 per cent—itself large by Australian general-election standards.

What produced this extraordinary victory for this political neophyte? A number of factors have been adduced: After 13 years of Labor government in Canberra, it was in any case "time for a change"; in particular, after four years of Mr. Paul Keating as Prime Minister, voters were, as the Labor Premier of Queensland said, "simply sitting on their verandas with their baseball bats in their laps, just waiting for Keating to come"; the ballot papers still carried Mrs. Hanson's original Liberal tag, which may have led some to vote for her under the mistaken impression that they were voting Liberal.

However, while these factors cannot be discounted, others may have been at work too. For example, Mrs. Hanson's attack on what many (particularly in places like Ipswich) see as preferential welfare treatment for Aboriginal Australians clearly struck an electoral chord. Furthermore, the Liberal Party's panicked reaction—first seeking to silence her and then disowning her—made Mrs. Hanson a heroine overnight among voters deeply resentful of the persistent attempts by the political elites to silence anyone who expresses views out of line with their opinions.

In the months after her election, Pauline Hanson was never far from the forefront of controversy, even though—or perhaps because—she persistently refused most requests for interviews. In particular, she imposed a total boycott on radio and television reporters from the Australian Broadcasting Corporation, the publicly financed body widely seen as the leading standard-setter for Australia's Left.

Nevertheless, under the shrewd tutelage of her then chief political aide, John Pasquarelli, Mrs. Hanson became a nationally prominent figure. This prominence derived from the opinions which, during that time, she publicly espoused, and which were best encapsulated in her parliamentary maiden speech in September 1996. For example:

—". . . a type of reverse racism is applied to mainstream Australians by those who promote political correctness and those who control the various tax-

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payer-funded 'industries' that flourish in our society, servicing Aboriginals, multiculturalists, homosexuals, and a host of other minority groups."

—"In response to my call for equality for *all* Australians, the most noisy criticism came from the 'fatcats,' bureaucrats and the 'do-gooders,' . . . [who] stand to lose . . . their power, money and position, all funded by ordinary Australian taxpayers."

—". . . politicians [who] continue to promote separation in Australia . . . are not truly representing *all* Australians. . . . *To survive in peace and harmony . . . we must have one people, one nation, one flag.*" (Mrs. Hanson's emphasis.)

—"Immigration and multiculturalism are issues [on which] ordinary Australians have been kept out of any debate by the major parties . . . most Australians want our immigration policy radically reviewed and that of multiculturalism abolished."

—"We are in danger of being swamped by Asians. Between 1984 and 1995, 40 per cent of all immigrants into this country were of Asian origin."

—"Corruption and mismanagement in many of [our foreign-aid] recipient countries are legend. Australia must review its membership and funding of the United Nations . . . , cease all foreign aid immediately, and apply the savings to generating employment here at home."

It is fair to say that, despite the personal invective her comments have induced, Mrs. Hanson has largely changed the nature of debate within Australia on such questions. She now heads her own political party (One Nation), and despite her odd decision last December to sack the aforementioned Mr. Pasquarelli, she still has some claim to being described as Australia's highest-profile political figure.

But will she endure? To answer that question, we should distinguish clearly between Mrs. Hanson herself and the issues that have made her famous.

Pauline Hanson is an ill-educated, personally insecure woman with little real understanding of politics. Her appeal has been her willingness to state publicly opinions which both sides of the political elite have hitherto conspired largely to suppress—and to stick to them under the most vicious personal attacks (she now has a larger personal-security detail than the Prime Minister). Repeatedly, political polling has elicited such comments as "I admire her courage"; "I don't agree with her, but she has the right to say what she thinks"; "She has done us all a favor by talking publicly about issues which the politicians haven't wanted us to talk about"; and so on.

'Australia must review its membership and funding of the United Nations.'

In short, Mrs. Hanson's contribution has been to let the genies out of their bottles. Almost unwittingly, she has thereby also laid bare two important but surprisingly little-noticed aspects of Australian politics today. First, Mrs. Hanson is not seen as a politician. It was precisely her stance as an "anti-politician" which so unexpectedly gave her so much clout.

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Secondly, there is the (related) point that both sides of politics are now regarded by a growing proportion of the electorate as having ceased to listen to the people.

This view was in fact already reflected in last year's vote. Of the 6.2-percentage-point fall in Labor's primary vote for the House of Representatives, 3.2 points went not to the Coalition parties, but to other minor political players. In the Senate (where the proportional voting system means that minority-party voters can have more influence than they usually can in the House), Labor's 7.4-percentage-point primary-vote loss went almost entirely (6.7 points) to the minor parties.

Whether or not Mrs. Hanson herself will survive at the next election is unclear. Her One Nation party organization is rent by factions, and her own brittle personality may be tested more severely in the year ahead.

However, what is likely is that in 1998 both Coalition parties will suffer a significant fall in their primary votes, and that the gain will accrue not to Labor but to whatever minor parties are best organized to attract it.

For years now some Australian political observers have talked, rather unconvincingly, of the possible emergence of a "third party" (on the non-Labor side of politics). For the first time, perhaps, 1998 may see the conditions under which such a party could realistically come forward. If so, whether or not it is One Nation, it will have Pauline Hanson to thank for it. □

Euro-Sportsmanship

ANTHONY DANIELS

Dennis Dittrich

ROME

THE European Union has tried to expunge national animosities from the human heart by administrative means; but, rather like St. Augustine's abjuration of sin, it hasn't happened yet, at least if the recent football match between England and Italy played in Rome is anything to go by.

Much ink has been spilled in scholarly elucidation of the origins of the violence at the *Stadio Olimpico*. Did the Italians, whose police waded with flailing batons into the English supporters, and whose fans ripped up their seats and hurled them at the English, start it? Or was it the English, whose sack of Rome 1,587 years after its first destruction at the hands of barbarians created a general atmosphere of tension and mistrust?

With the time-honored objectivity for which daily newspapers are everywhere renowned, the British press blamed the Italians (ITALIAN BRUTES! screamed the *Daily Express*) while the Italian press blamed the English (beer-bellied and possessed of killer breath, according to *Corriere della Sera*). There was even a brief wrangle between the two countries in which the diplomats and politicians of both sides protested the innocence of their boys. For an instant it looked almost as if there was to be a replay, on a larger scale, of the soccer war between Honduras and El Salvador. The *casus belli* in that conflict was, you will recall, a disputed penalty in a match between the two national teams. Underlying the conflict, however, was a disagreement about the operation of the Central American Common Market. The parallels in the situation were striking, if not exact.

Standing in the midst of the English supporters as I was, for journalistic reasons unconnected with enthusiasm for football, I confess that the Italians had some grounds for complaint. The English supporters were, almost to a man (there were very few women), disgusting—and there were ten thousand of them. They were dressed in the thuggish and brutalist fashion which has become universally popular among young Britons, and which acts as the solvent of class distinctions which school uniforms were once supposed to be. A fair sprinkling of shaved heads (often with scalps scarred by the repeated application of broken bottles) and tattooed arms added a leaven of unmistakable menace to this unprepossessing crowd.

For about two hours, the English chanted obscenities in unison at the Italians. Ten thousand people raised their arms in a fair imitation of the fascist salute, jabbed their forefingers in the direction of the Italians and chanted over and over again, "You're shit and you know you are," or "Who the f—ing 'ell do you think you are?" When an Italian player made a mistake, ten thousand people shouted an obscenity in unison and made a gesture which it was not possible to misinterpret.

The Italians, obviously having prepared for a torrent of abuse from their fellow citizens of the new Europe, unfurled two large banners, one wishing victory to the IRA, and the other with a simpler message in large black lettering: F— OFF.

Among the examples of modern British culture which found expression in the stadium was a deep grunting sound (Ooooh! Ooooh!) to the rhythm of a drumbeat, rather reminiscent of Tarzan in his less articulate moments. This is the end product of 125 years of compulsory education.

In summary, the English presented a most unappetizing spectacle. Their drunkenness, vulgarity, and menacing mien were calculated to intimidate anyone of normal sensibilities. But for me, by far the most sinister aspect of the whole spectacle was that these people were by no means at the lower end of the social spectrum. They had sufficient disposable income, after all, to attend a mere football match in a foreign country, in a city notorious for its high prices. All of them to whom I spoke had good jobs, and many of them were educated. A fellow journalist told me that he had met Sotheby's employees in the crowd.

I was given a clue to this alarming phenomenon of downward cultural drift when I described what I had witnessed in Rome to people in England who would normally subscribe to the tenets and language of political correctness.

Dr. Daniels is the author of Utopias Elsewhere.

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But oddly they did not find the conduct of the English supporters in Rome in the least offensive: they said the crowd was only letting off steam or gaining release.

Release from what, exactly? Political correctness, perhaps? But the reason why my politically correct friends did not find the crowd's behavior offensive was precisely because it was a crowd: *Vox populi, vox dei*, after all. Forty million hooligans can't be wrong.

The middle classes now establish their sympathy for the proletariat by becoming indistinguishable from it.

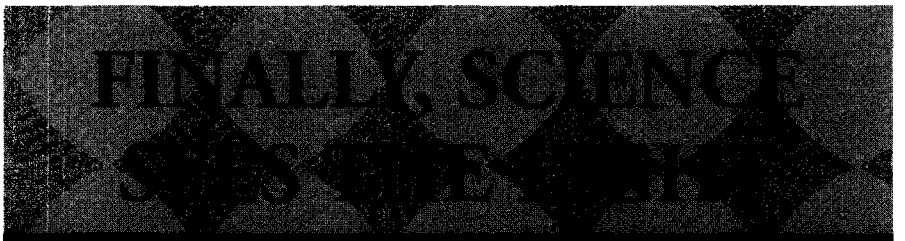
There is another strand to the explanation. So universally accepted and unassailable has the moral case for equality become in Britain that the middle classes now aspire to establish their sympathies for the downtrodden proletariat by becoming indistinguishable from it: in dress, in speech, in taste, in culture. Since the British middle classes' conception of the British proletariat is one of ugly foulmouthed aggressiveness, that is what they have become.

Of course, the British proletariat was not like this, any more than the average Englishman resembled a Hollywood butler in 1930s films. On the contrary I have often been struck by the great dignity, stoicism, and good manners of the old British working class. But when Marie Antoinette played at shepherdess, she didn't do much research into the behavior of real shepherdesses either.

In Britain today, you establish your democratic credentials by using expletives every second or third word and by a strenuous avoidance of cultured conduct in public. At the Rome airport, there was a young woman in front of me at the check-in desk. She spoke with an upper-middle-class accent and was almost ceremonious in her politeness. When she got into the bus that was to take us to the aircraft, however, she fell among the football supporters with whom she had come to Rome.

"F—ing Italian police," she said, in a voice which could have emerged from Jack London's lower depths.

The barbarians are not at the gate: they are within the walls. □



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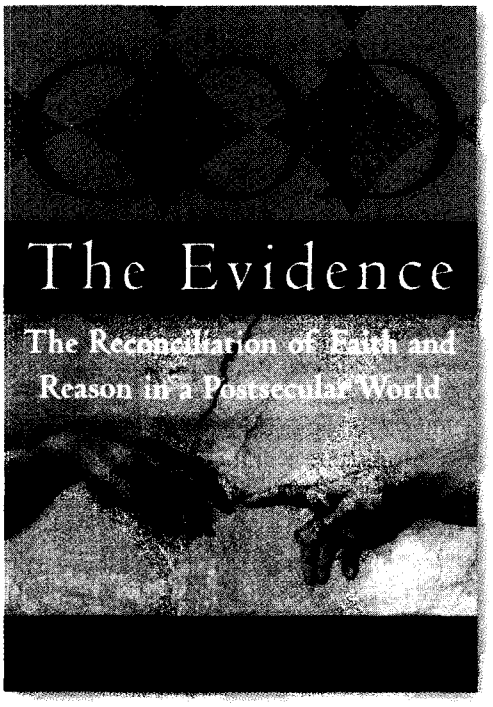

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How Reagan Won The Cold War

Ronald Reagan came to the Presidency without foreign-policy credentials, but his victory in the Cold War was no lucky accident.

DINESH D'SOUZA

TEN years ago Ronald Reagan stood at the Brandenburg Gate and said, "General Secretary Gorbachev, if you seek peace, if you seek prosperity for the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, if you seek liberalization: Come here to this gate! Mr. Gorbachev, open this gate! Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!" Not long afterward, the wall came tumbling down and the most formidable empire in world history collapsed so fast that, in Vaclav Havel's words, "we had no time even to be astonished."

With the disintegration of the Soviet Union, the most ambitious political and social experiment of the modern era ended in failure, and the supreme political drama of the twentieth century—the conflict between the free West and the totalitarian East—came to an end. What will probably prove to be the most important historical event of our lifetimes has already occurred.

Given these remarkable developments, it is natural to wonder what caused the destruction of Soviet Communism. Yet, oddly, this is a subject that no one seems to want to discuss. The reluctance is especially acute among intellectuals. Consider what happened on June 4, 1990, when Mikhail Gorbachev addressed the students and faculty at Stanford University. The Cold War was over, he said, and people clapped with evident relief. Then Gorbachev added, "And let us not wrangle over who won it." At this point the crowd leapt to its feet and applauded thunderously.

Gorbachev's desire to avoid this topic was understandable. But why were the apparent winners of the Cold War equally resolved not to celebrate their victory or analyze how it came about? Perhaps the reason is simply this: virtually everyone was wrong about the Soviet Union. The doves or appeasers were totally and spectacularly wrong on every point. For example, when Reagan in 1983 called the Soviet Union an "evil empire," Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* was so indignant that he searched his repertoire for the appropriate adjective: "simplistic," "sectarian," "dangerous," "outrageous." Finally Lewis settled on "primitive—the only word for it."

In the mid 1980s, Strobe Talbott, then a journalist at *Time* and later an official in the Clinton State Department, wrote: "Reagan is counting on American technological and economic predominance to prevail in the end," whereas, if the Soviet economy was in a crisis of any kind, "it is a permanent, institutionalized crisis with which the USSR has learned to live."

Historian Barbara Tuchman argued that instead of employing a policy of confrontation, the West should ingratiate itself with the Soviet Union by pursuing "the stuffed-goose option—that is, providing them with all the grain and consumer goods they need." If Reagan had taken this advice when it was offered in 1982, the Soviet empire would probably be around today.

The hawks or anti-Communists had a much better understanding of totalitarianism, and they understood the necessity of an arms build-up to deter Soviet aggression. But they too believed that Soviet Communism was a permanent and virtually indestructible adversary. This Spenglerian gloom is conveyed by Whittaker Chambers's famous remark to the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1948 that in abandoning Communism he was "leaving the winning side for the losing side."

The hawks were also mistaken about what steps were need-

This article is adapted from Mr. D'Souza's new book, Ronald Reagan: How an Ordinary Man Became an Extraordinary Leader, *just published by the Free Press. Mr. D'Souza (www.dineshdsouza.com) is John M. Olin Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.*

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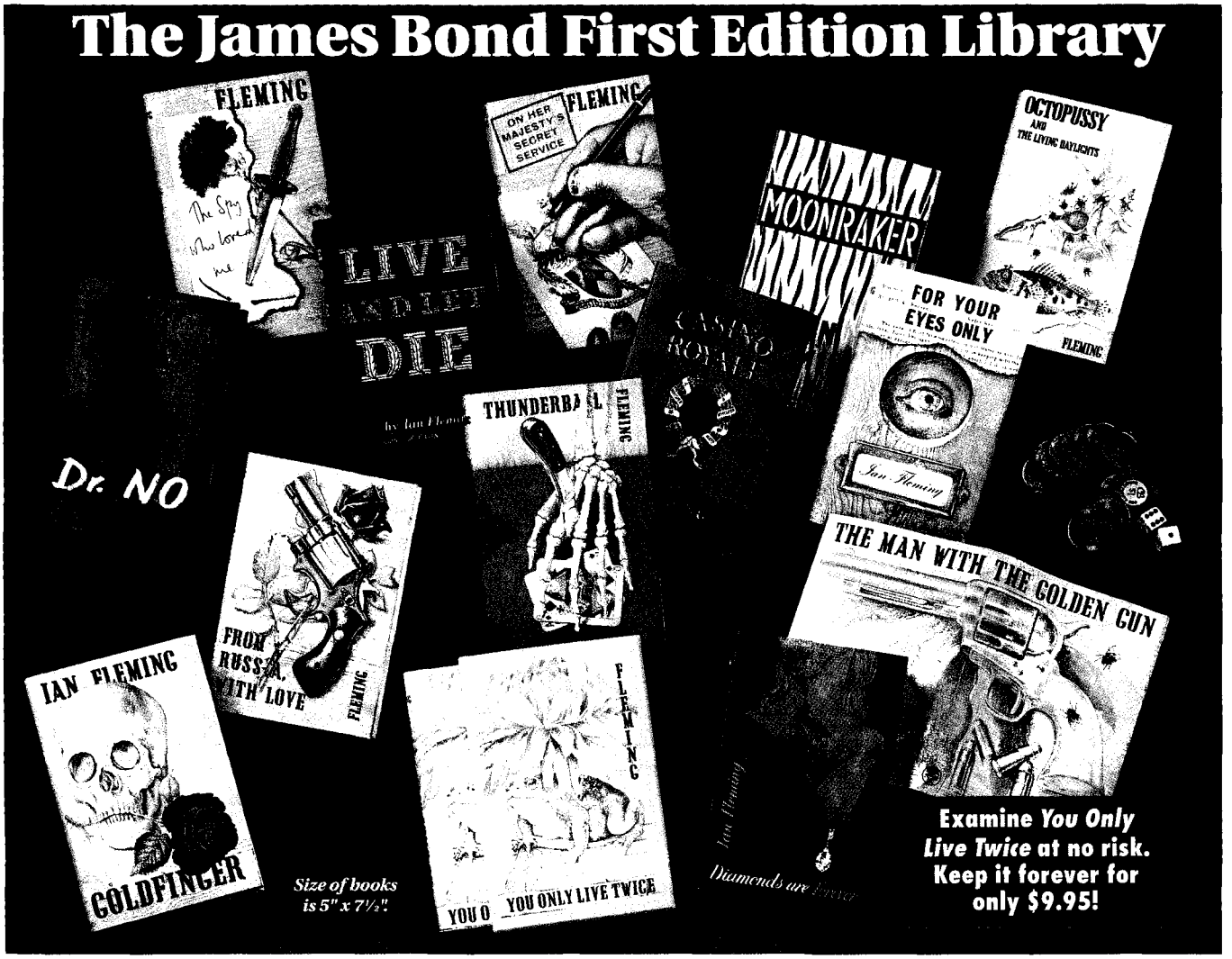

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ed to bring about the final dismantling of the Soviet empire. During Reagan's second term, when he supported Gorbachev's reform efforts and pursued arms-reduction agreements with him, many conservatives denounced his apparent change of heart. "Ignorant and pathetic" was the way Charles Krauthammer viewed Reagan's behavior. William F. Buckley Jr. urged Reagan to reconsider his positive assessment of the Gorbachev regime: "To greet it as if it were no longer evil is on the order of changing our entire position toward Adolf Hitler." George Will mourned that "Reagan has accelerated the moral disarmament of the West by elevating wishful thinking to the status of political philosophy."

Never have food shortages or technological backwardness been sufficient causes for the destruction of a large empire.

No one likes to have his expertise called into question, but the doves are especially averse to admitting that they were wrong and Reagan was right. Consequently this group has in the last few years made a determined effort to rewrite history. There is no mystery about the end of the Soviet Union, the revisionists say: it suffered from chronic economic problems and collapsed of its own weight. "The Soviet system has gone into meltdown because of inadequacies and defects at its core," Strobe Talbott writes, "not because of anything the outside world has done or not done."

In Talbott's view, "the Soviet threat is not what it used to be. The real point, however, is that it never was. The doves in the great debate of the past forty years were right all along." Meanwhile, the "extreme militarization" pursued by Reagan and the hard-liners in the Pentagon, George Kennan insists, "consistently strengthened comparable hard-liners in the Soviet Union." Far from accelerating the end of the Cold War, it may have actually postponed it.

This analysis is impressive, if only for its audacity. The Soviet Union did indeed suffer from debilitating economic problems. But why would this by itself bring about the end of the political regime? Historically it is common for nations to experience poor economic performance, but never have food shortages or technological backwardness been sufficient causes for the destruction of a large empire. The Roman empire survived internal corrosion for centuries before it was destroyed by the invasion of the barbarian hordes. The Ottoman empire persisted as the "sick man of Europe" for generations and ended only with catastrophic defeat in World War I.

Nor can the economic argument explain why the empire collapsed at the particular time that it did. The revisionists say in effect: It happened, therefore it was inevitable. But if Soviet collapse was so certain, why wasn't it foreseen by the revisionists, who were unanimous in proclaiming—in the words of a 1983 column by Anthony Lewis—that the Soviet regime "is not going to disappear"?

It is no less problematic to assert that Gorbachev was the architect of the collapse of the Soviet Union. He was undoubtedly a reformer and a new kind of Soviet leader. But Gorbachev did not wish to lead the party, and the regime, over the precipice. Consequently, when the Soviet Union collapsed, no one was more surprised than Gorbachev. He was incredulous when he was swept out of power, and he is still openly indignant and bewildered about the fact that he got less than 1 per cent of the vote in the Russian election in 1996.

The man who got things right from the start was, at first glance, an unlikely statesman. When he became the leader of the free world he had no experience in foreign policy. Some people thought he was a dangerous warmonger; others considered him a nice fellow, but a bit of a bungler. Nevertheless, this California lightweight turned out to have as deep an understanding of Communism as Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. This rank amateur developed a complex, often counter-intuitive strategy for dealing with the Soviet Union which hardly anyone on his staff fully endorsed or even understood. Through a combination of vision, tenacity, patience, and improvisational skill, he produced what Henry Kissinger terms "the most stunning diplomatic feat of the modern era." Or as Margaret Thatcher put it, "Ronald Reagan won the Cold War without firing a shot."

REAGAN had a much more skeptical view of the power of Soviet Communism than either the hawks or the doves. In 1981 he told an audience at the University of Notre Dame, "The West won't contain Communism. It will transcend Communism. It will dismiss it as some bizarre chapter in human history whose last pages are even now being written." The next year, speaking to the British Parliament, Reagan predicted that if the Western alliance remained strong it would produce a "march of freedom and democracy which will leave Marxism–Leninism on the ash-heap of history."

These prophetic assertions—dismissed as wishful rhetoric at the time—raise the question: How did Reagan know that Soviet Communism faced impending collapse when the most perceptive minds of his time had no inkling of what was to come? To answer this question, the best approach is to begin with Reagan's jokes. Over the years he had developed an extensive collection of stories which he attributed to the Soviet people themselves. One of these involves a man who goes up to a store clerk in Moscow and asks for a kilogram of beef, half a kilogram of butter, and a quarter kilogram of coffee. "We're all out," the clerk says, and the man leaves. Another man, observing this incident, says to the clerk, "That old man must be crazy." The clerk replies, "Yeah, but what a memory!"

Another favorite anecdote concerns a man who goes to the Soviet bureau of transportation to order an automobile. He is informed that he will have to put down his money now, but there is a ten-year wait. So he fills out all the various forms, has them processed through the various agencies, and finally gets to the last agency. He pays them his money and they say, "Come back in ten years and get your car." He asks, "Morning or afternoon?" The man in the agency says, "We're talking about ten years from now. What difference does it make?" He replies, "The plumber is coming in the morning."

Reagan could go on in this vein for hours. What is striking, however, is that Reagan's jokes are not about the evil of Communism but about its incompetence. Reagan agreed with the hawks that the Soviet experiment which sought to create a "new man" was immoral. At the same time, he saw that it was

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also basically stupid. Reagan did not need a PhD in economics to recognize that any economy based upon centralized planners' dictating how much factories should produce, how much people should consume, and how social rewards should be distributed was doomed to disastrous failure. For Reagan the Soviet Union was a "sick bear," and the question was not whether it would collapse, but when.

Yet while the Soviet Union had a faltering economy, it had a highly advanced military. No one doubted that Soviet missiles, if fired at American targets, would cause enormous destruction. But Reagan also knew that the evil empire was spending at least 20 per cent of its gross national product on defense. (The actual proportion turned out to be even higher.) Thus Reagan formulated the notion that the West could use the superior economic resources of a free society to outspend Moscow in the arms race, placing intolerable strains on the Soviet regime.

Reagan outlined his "sick bear" theory as early as May 1982 in a commencement address at his alma mater, Eureka College. He said, "The Soviet empire is faltering because rigid centralized control has destroyed incentives for innovation, efficiency, and individual achievement. But in the midst of social and economic problems, the Soviet dictatorship has forged the largest armed force in the world. It has done so by pre-empting the human needs of its people and, in the end, this course will undermine the foundations of the Soviet system."

Sick bears, however, can be very dangerous—they tend to lash out. Moreover, since in fact we are discussing not animals but people, there is the question of pride. The leaders of an internally weak empire are not likely to acquiesce in an erosion of their power. They typically turn to their primary source of strength: the military.

Appeasement, Reagan was convinced, would only increase the bear's appetite and invite further aggression. Thus he agreed with the anti-Communist strategy of dealing firmly with the Soviets. But he was more confident than most hawks that Americans were up to the challenge. "We must realize," he said in his first inaugural address, "that no weapon in the arsenals of the world is so formidable as the will and moral courage of free men and women." What was most visionary about Reagan's view was that it rejected the assumption of Soviet immutability. At a time when no one else could, Reagan dared to imagine a world in which the Communist regime in the Soviet Union did not exist.

IT WAS one thing to envision this happy state, and quite another to bring it about. The Soviet bear was in a blustery and ravenous mood when Reagan entered the White House. Between 1974 and 1980, it had, through outright invasion or the triumph of its surrogates, brought ten countries into the Communist orbit: South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, South Yemen, Angola, Ethiopia, Mozambique, Grenada, Nicaragua, and Afghanistan. Moreover, it had built the most formidable nuclear arsenal in the world, with thousands of multiple-warhead missiles aimed at the United States. The Warsaw Pact had overwhelming superiority over NATO in its conventional forces. Finally, Moscow had recently deployed a new generation of intermediate-range missiles, the giant SS-20s, targeted on European cities.

Reagan did not merely react to these alarming events; he developed a broad counteroffensive strategy. He initiated a $1.5-trillion military buildup, the largest in American peacetime history, which was aimed at drawing the Soviets into an arms race he was convinced they could not win. He was also determined to lead the Western alliance in deploying 108 Pershing II and 464 Tomahawk cruise missiles in Europe to counter the SS-20s. At the same time, he did not eschew arms-control negotiations. Indeed he suggested that for the first time ever the two superpowers should drastically reduce their nuclear stockpiles. If the Soviets would withdraw their SS-20s, he said, the U.S. would not proceed with the Pershing and cruise deployments. This was called the "zero option."

Then there was the Reagan Doctrine, which involved military and material support for indigenous movements struggling to overthrow Soviet-sponsored tyrannies. The Administration supported such guerrillas in Afghanistan, Cambodia, Angola, and Nicaragua. In addition, it worked with the Vatican and the international wing of the AFL-CIO to keep the Polish trade union Solidarity going, despite a ruthless crackdown by General Jaruzelski's regime. In 1983, U.S. troops invaded and liberated Grenada, ousting the Marxist government and sponsoring free elections. Finally, in March 1983, Reagan announced the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), a new program to research and eventually deploy missile defenses which offered the promise, in Reagan's words, of "making nuclear weapons obsolete."

For Reagan the Soviet Union was a 'sick bear,' and the question was not whether it would collapse, but when.

At every stage, Reagan's counteroffensive strategy was denounced by the doves, who exploited public fears that Reagan's military buildup was leading the world closer to nuclear war. Reagan's zero option was dismissed by Strobe Talbott as "highly unrealistic" and as having been offered "more to score propaganda points than to win concessions from the Soviets." With the exception of support for the Afghan *mujahedin*, every effort to aid anti-Communist rebels was resisted by doves in Congress and the media. SDI was denounced as, in the *New York Times*'s words, "a projection of fantasy into policy."

The Soviet Union was equally hostile to the Reagan counteroffensive, but its view of Reagan's objectives was far more perceptive than that of the doves. *Izvestiya* protested, "They want to impose on us an even more ruinous arms race." General Secretary Yuri Andropov alleged that Reagan's SDI program was "a bid to disarm the Soviet Union." The seasoned diplomat Andrei Gromyko charged that "behind all this lies the clear calculation that the USSR will exhaust its material resources and therefore will be forced to surrender."

These reactions are important because they establish the context for Mikhail Gorbachev's ascent to power in early 1985. Gorbachev was indeed a new breed of Soviet general secretary, but few have asked why he was appointed by the Old Guard. The main reason was that the Politburo had come to recognize the failure of past Soviet strategies.

Reagan, in other words, seems to have been largely respon-

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sible for inducing a loss of nerve that caused Moscow to seek a new approach. Gorbachev's assignment was not merely to find a new way to deal with the country's economic problems but also to figure out how to cope with the empire's reversals abroad. For this reason, Ilya Zaslavsky, who served in the Soviet Congress of People's Deputies, said later that the true originator of *perestroika* (restructuring) and *glasnost* (openness) was not Mikhail Gorbachev but Ronald Reagan.

Gorbachev inspired wild enthusiasm on the political Left and in the Western media. Mary McGrory of the *Washington Post* was convinced he had a "blueprint for saving the planet." Gail Sheehy was dazzled by his "luminous presence." In 1990 *Time* proclaimed him its "Man of the Decade" and compared him to Franklin Roosevelt. Just as Roosevelt had to transform capitalism in order to save it, so Gorbachev was credited with reinventing socialism in order to save it.

The reason for these embarrassing "Gorbasms" was that Gorbachev was precisely the kind of leader that Western intellectuals admire: a top-down reformer who portrayed himself as a progressive; a technocrat who gave three-hour speeches on how the agriculture program was coming along. Most of all, the new Soviet leader was attempting to achieve the great twentieth-century hope of the Western intelligentsia: Communism with a human face! A socialism that works!

Yet as Gorbachev discovered, and as the rest of us now know, it cannot be done. The vices that Gorbachev sought to eradicate from the system turned out to be the essential features of the system. If Reagan was the Great Communicator, then Gorbachev turned out to be, as Zbigniew Brzezinski puts it, the Grand Miscalculator. To the degree he had a Western counterpart, it was not FDR but Jimmy Carter. The hard-liners in the Kremlin who warned Gorbachev that his reforms would cause the entire system to blow up turned out to be right. Indeed, hawks in the West were also vindicated: Communism *was* immutable and irreversible, in the sense that the system could only be reformed by destroying it.

GORBACHEV, like Jimmy Carter, had one redeeming quality: he was a decent and relatively open-minded fellow. Gorbachev was the first Soviet leader who came from the post-Stalin generation, the first to admit openly that the promises of Lenin were not being fulfilled.

Reagan, like Margaret Thatcher, was quick to recognize that Gorbachev was different. What changed his mind about Gorbachev was the little things. He discovered that Gorbachev was intensely curious about the West and showed a particular interest in anything Reagan could tell him about Hollywood. Also Gorbachev had a sense of humor and could laugh at himself. Moreover, he was troubled by Reagan's earlier reference to the Soviet Union as an "evil empire." To Reagan, it was significant that the concept of presiding over an evil regime bothered Gorbachev. In addition, Reagan was struck by the fact that Gorbachev routinely referred to God and Christ in his public statements and interviews. When asked how his reforms were likely to turn out, Gorbachev would say, "Only Jesus Christ knows the answer to that." This could be dismissed as merely a rhetorical device, but Reagan didn't think so.

As they sat across the table in Geneva in 1985, however, Reagan saw that Gorbachev was a tough negotiator, and he responded in a manner that may be described as "cordial toughness." While State Department communiqués warned of U.S. concerns about the "destabilizing" influence of the Soviet occupation in Afghanistan, Reagan confronted Gorbachev directly. "What you are doing in Afghanistan is burning villages and killing children," he said. "It's genocide, Mike, and you are the one who has to stop it." At this point, according to aide Kenneth Adelman, who was present, Gorbachev looked at Reagan with a stunned expression; Adelman gathered that no one had ever talked to him this way before.

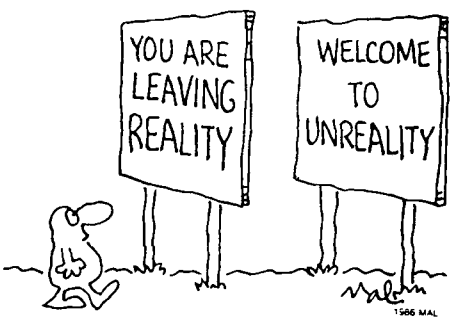
Reagan also threatened Gorbachev. "We won't stand by and let you maintain weapon superiority over us," he told him. "We can agree to reduce arms, or we can continue the arms race, which I think you know you can't win." The extent to which Gorbachev took Reagan's remarks to heart became obvious at the October 1986 summit in Reykjavik. There Gorbachev astounded the arms-control establishment in the West by accepting Reagan's zero option. Gorbachev embraced the very terms that Strobe Talbott and other doves had earlier dismissed as absurdly unrealistic.

Yet Gorbachev had one condition: the U.S. must agree not to deploy missile defenses. Reagan refused. The press immediately went on the attack. "Reagan–Gorbachev Summit Talks Collapse as Deadlock on SDI Wipes Out Other Gains," read the banner headline in the *Washington Post*. "Sunk by Star Wars," *Time*'s cover declared.

To Reagan, however, SDI was more than a bargaining chip; it was a moral issue. In a televised statement from Reykjavik he said, "There was no way I could tell our people that their government would not protect them against nuclear destruction." Polls showed that most Americans supported him.

Reykjavik, Margaret Thatcher says, was the turning point in the Cold War. Finally Gorbachev realized that he had a choice: continue a no-win arms race, which would utterly cripple the Soviet economy, or give up the struggle for global hegemony, establish peaceful relations with the West, and work to enable the Soviet economy to become prosperous like the Western economies. After Reykjavik, Gorbachev seems to have resolved on this latter course.

In December 1987, he abandoned his "non-negotiable" demand that Reagan give up SDI and visited Washington, D.C., to sign the Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces (INF) treaty. For the first time ever the two superpowers agreed to eliminate an entire class of nuclear weapons. Moscow even agreed to on-site verification, a condition that it had resisted in the past.



The hawks, however, were suspicious from the outset. Gorbachev is a masterly chess player, they said; he might sacrifice a pawn, but only to gain an overall advantage. "Reagan is walking into a trap," Tom Bethell warned in *The American Spectator* as early as 1985. "The only way he can get success in negotiation is by doing what the Soviets want." Re-

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publican senators like Steven Symms and Jesse Helms planned "killer amendments" to sink the INF Treaty. Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus even charged Reagan with "fronting as a useful idiot for Soviet propaganda."

Yet, as at least some hawks like Bethell now admit, these criticisms missed the larger current of events. Gorbachev wasn't sacrificing a pawn, he was giving up his bishops and his queen. The INF treaty was in fact the first stage of Gorbachev's surrender in the Cold War.

Reagan knew that the Cold War was over when Gorbachev came to Washington. Gorbachev was a media celebrity in the United States, and the crowds cheered when he jumped out of his limousine and shook hands with people on the street. Out of the limelight, Reagan had dinner with a group of conservative friends, including Ben Wattenberg, Georgie Anne Geyer, and R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. As Wattenberg recounted the incident to me, the group complained that Gorbachev was getting all the media credit for reaching an agreement essentially on Reagan's terms. Reagan smiled. Wattenberg asked, "Have we won the Cold War?" Reagan hedged. Wattenberg persisted. "Well, have we?" Reagan finally said yes. Then his dinner companions understood: he wanted Gorbachev to have his day in the sun. Asked by the press if he felt overshadowed by Gorbachev, Reagan replied, "I don't resent his popularity. Good Lord, I co-starred with Errol Flynn once."

TO appreciate Reagan's diplomatic acumen, it is important to recall that he was pursuing his own distinctive course, rejecting the recommendations of both the hawks and the doves. Reagan knew that the movement for reform was fragile, and that hard-liners in the Kremlin were looking for U.S. actions that they could use to undermine Gorbachev's initiatives. Reagan recognized the importance of permitting Gorbachev a zone of comfort in which to pursue his program of reform.

At the same time, when doves in the State Department implored Reagan to "reward" Gorbachev with economic concessions and trade benefits for announcing that Soviet troops would pull out of Afghanistan, Reagan recognized that this ran the risk of restoring the health of the sick bear. Reagan's goal was—as Gorbachev himself once joked—to lead the Soviet Union to the edge of the abyss and then induce it to take "one step forward."

Thus Reagan simultaneously supported Gorbachev's reform efforts and applied constant pressure on him to move faster and further. This was the significance of Reagan's trip to the Brandenburg Gate on June 12, 1987, in which he demanded that Gorbachev prove that he was serious about openness by pulling down the Berlin Wall. The State Department kept taking that line out of Reagan's speech, and Reagan kept putting it back in. And in May 1988 Reagan stood beneath a giant white bust of Lenin at Moscow State University and gave the most ringing defense of a free society ever offered in the Soviet Union. On that trip he visited the ancient Danilov Monastery and preached about the importance of religious freedom and a spiritual revival. At the U.S. ambassador's residence, he assured a group of dissidents and "refuseniks" that the day of freedom was at hand. All of these measures were calculated to force Gorbachev's hand.

First Gorbachev agreed to deep unilateral cuts in Soviet armed forces in Europe. Starting in May 1988, Soviet troops pulled out of Afghanistan, the first time the Soviets had voluntarily withdrawn from a puppet regime. Before long, Soviet and satellite troops were pulling out of Angola, Ethiopia, and Cambodia. The race toward freedom began in Eastern Europe, and the Berlin Wall was indeed torn down.

During this period of ferment, Gorbachev's great achievement, for which he will be credited by history, was to abstain from the use of force—the response of his predecessors to popular uprisings in Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968. By now not only were Gorbachev and his team permitting the empire to disintegrate, as Reagan had foreseen and intended, but they even adopted Reagan's way of talking. In October 1989 Soviet Foreign Ministry spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov announced that the Soviet Union would not intervene in the internal affairs of Eastern Bloc nations. "The Brezhnev Doctrine is dead," Gerasimov said. Reporters asked him what would take its place, and he replied, "You know the Frank Sinatra song 'My Way'? Hungary and Poland are doing it their way. We now have the Sinatra Doctrine." The Gipper could not have said it better himself.

Replacing the Brezhnev Doctrine, said Gerasimov, would be the Sinatra Doctrine. 'You know the song "My Way"? Hungary and Poland are doing it their way.' The Gipper could not have said it better himself.

Finally the revolution made its way into the Soviet Union. Gorbachev, who had completely lost control of events, found himself ousted from power. The Soviet Union voted to abolish itself. Serious problems of adjustment to new conditions would remain, but emancipated people know that such problems are infinitely preferable to living under slavery.

Even some who were previously skeptical of Reagan were forced to admit that his policies had been thoroughly vindicated. Reagan's old nemesis Henry Kissinger observed that while it was Bush who presided over the final disintegration of the Soviet empire, "it was Ronald Reagan's Presidency which marked the turning point." Cardinal Casaroli, the Vatican secretary of state, remarked publicly that the Reagan military buildup, which he had opposed at the time, had led to the collapse of Communism.

These conclusions are widely accepted in the former Soviet Union and in Eastern Europe. When Czech president Vaclav Havel visited Washington, D.C., in May 1997 I asked him whether Reagan's defense strategy and his diplomacy were vital factors in ending the Cold War. Of course, Havel said, adding that "both Reagan and Gorbachev deserve credit" because while Soviet Communism might have imploded eventually, without them "it would have taken a lot longer."

Havel's point is incontestable. Yet Reagan won and Gorbachev lost. If Gorbachev was the trigger, it was Reagan who pulled it. For the third time in this century, the United States has fought and prevailed in a world war. In the Cold War, Reagan turned out to be our Churchill: it was his vision and leadership that led us to victory. □

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AVERTING CURRENCY CRISES

The Fix Is Out

Fixing exchange rates is not necessarily the way to solve economic problems.

MILTON FRIEDMAN

Split infinitive. The English-speaking world may be divided into 1) those who neither know nor care what a split infinitive is; 2) those who do not know, but care very much; 3) those who know and condemn; 4) those who know and approve; and 5) those who know and distinguish.

1) Those who neither know nor care are the vast majority, and are a happy folk, to be envied by most of the minority classes. . . .

SUBSTITUTE "devaluation" for "split infinitive," and Fowler's classification is an accurate statement of the present range of opinion on international currency arrangements.

Class 1 is indeed the vast majority. Class 2 includes most financial journalists and participants in the stock market; class 3 has at its helm the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*; class 4 consists mostly of currency speculators; class 5, of most professional economists. It will come as no surprise that I include myself in class 5.

The recent spate of currency crises in Asia has activated the members of class 3. The *Wall Street Journal* editorial page writes: "we think that devaluing a currency *invariably* causes more problems than it cures; the alternative would be sharply tightening monetary policy and forcing the economy to adjust" (italics added). A few examples suggest that this position is untenable as a general rule, though correct if *often* is substituted for *invariably*.

Chile, 1982. In June, 1979, Chile, which had been allowing its exchange rate to fluctuate, pegged its peso to the U.S. dollar; that is, it specified a fixed rate at which the Chilean central bank stood ready to exchange pesos for U.S. dollars and U.S. dollars for pesos.

All went well for two years. Then the Federal Reserve, with the support of the newly elected President, adopted a severely restrictive monetary policy in order to stem the inflation of the 1970s. That change plus the accompanying Reagan tax and regulatory policies led to a major rise in the foreign-exchange value of the U.S. dollar. Chile followed the *Wall Street Journal*'s advice to the letter by "sharply tightening monetary policy and forcing the economy to adjust." The result: economic collapse, with real output falling by 14 per cent in 1982. If Chile had not pegged the peso to the dollar but had continued to let the exchange rate fluctuate, the peso would have depreciated relative to the U.S. dollar while remaining fairly stable relative to other major currencies. Chile might still have experienced a recession, but if so, it would have been a slowdown in a rapidly growing economy, not an economic collapse. In August 1982, Chile abandoned the peg. By 1984, the economy was growing again at the annual rate of 6 per cent. A costly lesson.

East Asia, 1997. By contrast with the Chilean episode, the major source of the Asian currency crises was not U.S. monetary policy but domestic monetary policies. The central banks of the countries involved tried to achieve two objectives —peg the exchange rate and promote domestic expansion—with a single instrument: control of the domestic money supply (more precisely, the banks' own liabilities). The resulting domestic inflation led to overvalued exchange rates. Most of the countries tried "sharply tightening monetary policy and forcing the economy to adjust," though, wisely, for only a short time. As the Chilean example suggests, refusing to devalue promptly would almost surely have produced a severe depression ending in devaluation under worse economic conditions. The initial mistake was pursuing an excessively expansionary monetary and fiscal policy. Not devaluing would have been a second mistake that would only have increased the harm done by the first mistake.

The Asian currency crises are the latest example of a long series of similar crises dating back at least to Diocletian. Time and again a country has set a fixed price for its currency in terms of an external asset—traditionally, gold or silver; more recently, the currency of a major country, such as the U.S. dollar. And time and again, countries have rebelled at the external discipline, often, as in Britain in 1797 and 1914 and in the U.S. in 1862, to facilitate the finan-

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cing of war by the issue of fiat money.

Since the end of World War II and the triumph of the Keynesian revolution, discretionary monetary policies to influence the domestic economy have become the rule. Conflict between these policies and the external discipline of a fixed exchange rate have become the major reason for rejecting the external discipline, as in the recent Asian episode.

The Asian currency crises are the latest example of a long series of crises dating back at least to Diocletian.

Hong Kong, 1997. The contrast between Hong Kong—whose currency has remained fixed in terms of the U.S. dollar, despite a serious financial crisis set off by fears of devaluation—and the other East Asian countries illustrates the difference between two superficially similar but basically very different exchange-rate regimes, both referred to as "fixed exchange rates."

One such regime is a pegged exchange-rate system under which national central banks undertake to maintain the value of their currency at a fixed rate in terms of a commodity or another currency. That is the system that was set up at Bretton Woods in 1946. The U.S. agreed to peg its currency to gold (at $35 an ounce), and the other participating countries agreed to peg their currencies to the U.S. dollar. The system did not come into full operation until 1959, started to come apart in 1967, and collapsed in 1971, when President Nixon "closed the gold window," i.e., refused to honor the obligation that the U.S. had assumed at Bretton Woods.

The other "fixed exchange rate" regime is a unified currency: the dollar in the fifty states of the United States and Panama; the pound sterling in Scotland, England, Wales, and Northern Ireland. The gold standard before World War I is a slightly more complex example: the pound, the dollar, the franc, and the Mark were simply different names for specified amounts of gold, and the various countries stood ready to exchange their national currencies for those amounts of gold or, conversely, gold for national currencies.

The Hong Kong dollar is another

You deserve a factual look at...

Those "West Bank" Settlements

Are they *really* the "greatest obstacle to peace?"

In the context of the negotiations between Israel and the Palestinians that have now been going on for almost four years, it is often asserted that the Israeli towns and villages (usually and with some derogation referred to as "settlements") in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") are possibly the most serious obstacle to peace. That has been and is being repeated so often that many have come to accept it as truth.

What are the facts?

A recap of history. Some thumbnail history may be in order. Large numbers of Jews have been living in these territories since biblical times. Most of the Arabs living there are in fact relative newcomers. "Palestine" is the entire area now covered by Israel including Judea/Samaria (the so-called "West Bank") and what is now the Kingdom of Jordan. It originally also included the Golan Heights, which later, in an agreement between England and France, were ceded to France, and to Syria as the successor in possession. In 1922, contrary to the Mandate of the League of Nations, the British severed the entire area east of the Jordan and gave it to the Hashemite Arabs for their assistance in World War I. Thus, fully 75% of Palestine, all of which under the Mandate and under the terms of the Balfour Declaration was meant to be a home for the Jewish people, was lost for that purpose. Only the area west of the Jordan River was left for the Jewish homeland.

"Why should the Arab countries and the 'West Bank' be the only places in the world where Jews are not allowed to live?"

How the West Bank became "Arab country." In 1947, after decades of strife between Arabs and Jews, the British decided to relinquish the Mandate. The UN stepped in and proposed a partition plan under which the country (west of the River) was to be divided into respective Arab and Jewish areas. Jerusalem was to be internationalized. The Jews accepted the plan; the Arabs refused it out of hand. In 1948, on the twice truncated territory allotted to them by the U.N., the Jews declared their independence and the state of Israel was born. On the same day, six Arab armies invaded the new-born state. In what can be described as an almost biblical miracle, the Jews defeated them. When an armistice was finally secured, however, TransJordan remained in possession of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem; Egypt remained in possession of the Gaza Strip. TransJordan renamed itself Jordan.

The Six-Day War. Once in possession of the "West Bank" and eastern Jerusalem, the Jordanians promptly proceeded to expel all Jews and systematically to desecrate and to destroy most Jewish sacred places, cemeteries and houses of worship. No Jews, regardless of citizenship were allowed into the "West Bank," eastern Jerusalem, the locale of the Western Wall, the holiest site in Judaism. In 1967, Egyptian president Abdel Nasser, joined by the same array of Arab armies that had unsuccessfully tried to destroy Israel at its birth in 1948, launched another war against Israel "to drive the Jews into the sea" and into oblivion, once and for all. But the Israelis utterly defeated the combined Arab might in the Six-Day War, one of the greatest military victories in history. When the dust of war settled, the Israelis had not only retained their national territory, but had *repossessed* the territories of Judea/Sumaria (the "West Bank"), the eastern part of Jerusalem, the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights and had totally occupied Egypt's vast Sinai Peninsula.

It is clear from this short history that Israel's claim to the "West Bank" is far stronger than that of the Arabs. It's only by constant repitition that the world has come to think of these territories as "occupied Arab land." About 200,000 Jews now live in these territories. And why shouldn't they? Why should the Arab countries and the "West Bank" be the only places in the whole world where Jews cannot live? How can 200,000 Jews living among one million Arabs be "an obstacle to peace?" Over one million Arabs live in Israel. They are citizens, they have every civil right, and of course have nothing to fear from their Jewish fellow citizens. Certainly, nobody considers them an obstacle to peace.

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example. Since its currency reform of 1983, Hong Kong's dollar has been unified with the U.S. dollar. A currency board, the Hong Kong Monetary Authority, assures that Hong Kong dollars are printed only on the deposit of the appropriate amount of U.S.-denominated assets (one U.S. dollar for every 7.8 Hong Kong dollars). As a result, the dollar assets held by the Monetary Authority are more than adequate to enable it to redeem every Hong Kong dollar outstanding. Hong Kong does not have a central bank and does not conduct a discretionary monetary policy. Its monetary policy is made in Washington at the Federal Reserve Board. Thus the Hong Kong decision to unify its currency with the United States' is based on the implicit assumption that U.S. monetary policy will be better than the policy that would be followed by a Hong Kong central bank.

Though currency boards have a long history, they have only recently re-emerged as a current option for individual countries. Argentina, Estonia, and Lithuania have recently adopted currency boards. As I wrote in 1972, "For most [developing] countries, I believe the best policy would be . . . to unify its currency with the currency of a large, relatively stable developed country with which it has close economic relations, and to impose no barriers to the movement of money or prices, wages, or interest rates. Such a policy requires not having a central bank."

IN December 1991, political leaders approved the Maastricht Treaty, which committed the European Community to replacing the European Monetary System with a single European Central Bank that would issue a single currency, the Euro. A common currency is an excellent monetary arrangement under some circumstances, a poor monetary arrangement under others. Whether it is good or bad depends primarily on the adjustment mechanisms that are available to absorb shocks that impinge differentially on the various entities using a common currency.

The United States is an example of a situation favorable to a common currency. Though it is composed of fifty states, its residents overwhelmingly speak the same language, watch the same television programs, see the same movies; can and do move freely from one part of the country to another; goods move freely from state to state; wages and prices are reasonably flexible; and the national government raises in taxes and spends roughly twice as much as state and local governments. Fiscal policies differ from state to state, but the differences are minor compared to the com-

Asia Afloat

ON July 2, the Thai government gave up its longstanding policy and allowed its currency, the baht, to float. Once again, a government had wasted billions of dollars of taxpayer money—as much as $30 billion in this case—trying to fix an exchange rate without thinking about why the currency was under pressure.

The decision to float did not end the crisis. The Thai baht remained under pressure, and the pressure spread to neighboring countries—principally Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines. They all abandoned their currencies' fixed exchange rates with the dollar and, like Thailand, permitted them to float. Still the crisis didn't end. It spread to Taiwan and Hong Kong and from Hong Kong to the world's stock markets.

Readers of the *Wall Street Journal* must be mystified. They have been told repeatedly that a fixed exchange rate cures all economic problems. Only a currency board or the gold standard is better, according to the *Journal*, because these systems not only fix the exchange rate but also do away with a central bank, eliminating any chance of mistakes by wrong-headed central bankers.

All these troubled countries had fixed exchange rates against the dollar, and Hong Kong has a currency board. And yet, *mirabile dictu*, the system broke down. And the fixed exchange rate was a major reason for the breakdown.

The *Wall Street Journal* argument is wrong. There is no exchange-rate system that will cure all problems. Fixed exchange rates under the Louvre agreement were one of the reasons for the stock-market crash in 1987. Ronald Reagan's decision to end that agreement by letting the dollar float, and the Federal Reserve's assurance that it would provide liquidity to financial markets, ended that crisis soon after it started.

TYPICALLY, fixed-exchange-rate systems get into trouble because government policies are incompatible with the fixed exchange rate or with the policies of other countries in the system. That is what happened to the gold standard in the 1929 crash. It happened again under Bretton Woods, in 1987, and now again in Southeast Asia. The currency of each of the troubled Asian countries became overvalued against the dollar for two main reasons. First, the dollar began to appreciate against the yen, the Deutsche Mark, and most other European currencies, so that all the currencies pegged to the dollar appreciated against these currencies also. Second, the Asian countries had a history of economic growth, low inflation, and small budget deficits or budget surpluses. Returns to investors have been high. Capital flowed in to take advantage of relatively low production costs and attractive returns. Under a fixed exchange rate, the capital inflow is a source of new money. The central bank buys the foreign exchange, issues domestic base money, and accepts higher inflation.

With the exception of a few years in the 1980s, the dollar had been devaluing against strong currencies like the yen and the Deutsche Mark for 25 years. Dollar devaluation kept the prices of the Southeast Asian countries' exports highly competitive in Japan and Europe because their currencies devalued along with the dollar. When the dollar began to appreciate in the mid Nineties, the prices of Southeast Asian exports began to rise in Europe and in Japan, which is a major market for Southeast Asian exports. Higher prices reinforced the effects of the Japanese recession and the increased competition from China, particularly after China devalued. Exports grew more slowly. Trade balances became less robust. By the spring of this year, many investors were expressing concern about an impending recession in these Asian economies.

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mon national policy. Unexpected shocks may well affect one part of the country more than others—as for example the embargo on oil did in the 1970s, creating boom conditions in some states, and depressed conditions in others. The different short-run effects were soon mediated by movements of people and goods, by offsetting financial flows from the national to the state and local governments, and by adjustments in prices and wages.

By contrast, the European Community exemplifies a situation unfavorable to a common currency. The residents of its component nations speak different languages, have different customs, and have far greater loyalty and attachment to their own countries than to the idea of "Europe." Although it is a free-trade area, goods and capital move less freely than in the United States. The member countries, not the European Community and its agencies in Brussels, are the important political entities. Government spending by them dwarfs spending by Brussels. Regulation of industrial and employment practices is more extensive than in the United States, and differs more from country to country than ours does from state to state. Wages and prices are more rigid, and labor less mobile.

The European Community exemplifies a situation unfavorable to a common currency.

In those circumstances, flexible exchange rates are a powerful adjustment mechanism for shocks that affect various entities differently. Any favorable or unfavorable shock that affects only one or a few countries can be met by a change in one price, the exchange rate, rather than requiring changes in thousands on thousands of separate wages and prices. It is worth dispensing with this mechanism to gain the advantage of lower transaction costs and external discipline only if there are adequate alternative adjustment mechanisms.

The 1992 crisis in the European Monetary System, which was a reaction to the financial impact of German reunification, is a striking example of this proposition. France followed a so-called "*franc fort*" policy, adopting a tight monetary and fiscal policy to preserve the link between the franc and the Deutsche Mark. It has since suffered double-digit unemployment, and economic recession. Britain and Italy chose to let their exchange rates float. Both have since prospered, achieving lower unemployment and faster growth than

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A fixed-exchange-rate system works best when all countries in the system have the same rate of inflation. Starting in 1993, inflation rates in the U.S. and Southeast Asia began to diverge. Inflation rates remained around 6 per cent in most of these countries as the U.S. inflation rate dropped to 2 or 3 per cent.

AT 6 per cent, prices double every 12 years. Real estate is one of the assets that people buy when they anticipate inflation. In Thailand people built golf courses. In Hong Kong, it was apartment houses. Both gave buyers some protection against expected inflation. As the prices of land and real estate rose, more people joined in, borrowing to buy real estate.

Much of the borrowing was in foreign currency. As foreign currency poured in, the central banks continued to increase the monetary base and the money supply, as they must under the rules of a fixed-exchange-rate system. But the growth of money was a sign that inflation would continue and probably increase. The answer: buy more real estate. And that's what people did.

Accelerating inflation added to these countries' problems in another way. Exchange rates became increasingly overvalued. This problem was particularly severe for Thailand and Indonesia, which send 25 to 30 per cent of their exports to Japan in most years. Since the yen fell against the dollar, these exports—prices in dollars—became more and more expensive.

The result was that demand shifted to competitors like China, slowing export growth and leading to ever greater trade and current-account deficits. By 1996, the current-account deficit—the difference between exports and imports of goods and services—was between 4 and 8 per cent in the four Southeast Asian countries. Thailand's was the highest of the four.

As early as last February, one of the largest Thai real-estate developers could not pay the interest on its loans. The following month, ten Thai finance companies had difficulty making payments. In May and June, new problems emerged. As these spread from the financial markets to the exchange rate, the central bank sold dollars to defend the exchange rate.

It was too late. The time for action to avoid the exchange-rate crisis was at least a year earlier, before the fixed-exchange-rate system had become grossly misaligned. Once the dollar had appreciated against the yen and other currencies, there were only two choices open to the Southeast Asians: devalue or disinflate to realign their price levels with the United States'. The fixed exchange rate limited monetary policy to maintaining the exchange rate, and so the governments needed to tighten fiscal policies to reduce foreign borrowing, deregulate, and privatize to increase efficiency. They failed to do so.

The Thai devaluation sent the alarm bells ringing. Devaluation called attention to the misalignment of exchange rates and, by lowering the dollar prices of Thai exports, shifted part of the problem to competitors in other countries in the region. Their prices were now much higher than Thailand's, and so their fixed-exchange rates no longer seemed secure.

Devaluation also made it more difficult for Thai borrowers to earn the dollars needed to service their debts. Much of the money that these countries borrowed was in short-term loans, and many lenders refused to renew loans to the region as they came due. The problem spread.

The lesson in the Asian story is an old one. A fixed exchange rate does not assure stability. Neither does a floating rate. In the long run, it doesn't much matter whether a country has one system or the other. Under either system, a country achieves stability only if it follows stabilizing policies and adjusts those policies promptly to new circumstances.

After the fact, people discover excessive real-estate lending, a weakened financial structure, and other problems. These problems are usually the result of expected or actual inflation, not its cause. Repairing the banking and financial structure is important in some of these countries, but it is hard to argue that Hong Kong has had a profligate government or has been overregulated. Although there are differences between countries, the main, common problem was a misaligned fixed exchange rate and the failure to adjust policies to the new circumstances these countries faced.

—ALLAN H. MELTZER

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the countries that maintained the peg between their currencies and the Mark. And they have done so while keeping inflation in check.

Proponents of the Euro often cite the gold-standard era from 1879 to 1914 as demonstrating the benefits of a common currency. The gold standard did have some benefits, but it also had its costs. The price level fell from 1879 to 1896 and rose thereafter, and sharp fluctuations occurred within each period, especially serious in the 1890s. The standard was viable only because prices and wages were flexible, governments were small—spending in the neighborhood of 10 per cent of national income rather than 50 or more as now—and the public was willing to tolerate, or had no way to moderate, wide swings in output and employment. Take away the rose-colored glasses and it was hardly a system to emulate.

Currently, a subgroup of the common market—perhaps Germany, Benelux, and Austria—comes closer to satisfying the conditions favorable to a common currency than does the common market as a whole. And they now have the equivalent of a common currency. Benelux and Austria have linked their currencies to the Deutsche Mark, although they still retain central banks and could break the link at will. Any country that wishes to link its own currency to the Deutsche Mark more firmly can do so on its own, simply by replacing its central bank with a currency board. Yet no member of the European Community has done so—a clear sign that external politics, not internal economics, is behind the drive for a common currency.

The primary political motive is to link Germany with France and the other countries so closely as to make another European war impossible. The vision is of a United States of Europe. The goal is admirable, but I believe that a single currency will exacerbate rather than soothe political tensions by converting divergent shocks that could have been readily accommodated by exchange-rate changes into divisive political issues. In addition, disputes are bound to arise among the governors of the European Central Bank, each reflecting the interests of his own country. Political unity can pave the way for monetary unity. Monetary unity imposed under the conditions that prevail in the EC will, I fear, prove a barrier to the achievement of political unity. □

Mrs. Robinson

The president of Ireland has gone to the UN, to create ideological mischief.

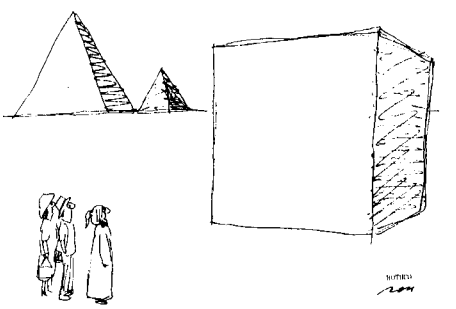
DAVID QUINN

MARY Robinson has just left the presidency of Ireland behind to take up in Geneva the post of human-rights commissioner with the United Nations. She is in many ways another clone of Hillary Clinton. Roughly the same age, she is a lawyer, and went to an American Ivy League university (in her case, Harvard). She is a feminist. Upon returning to Ireland she became embroiled in sundry liberal/left causes. But unlike Mrs. Clinton, Mrs. Robinson has always enjoyed sky-high popularity ratings. She is to the people of Ireland, and to liberals in particular, political perfection on legs.

Clearly she is well liked also by American liberals. A favorable editorial about her appeared in the *New York Times* of October 20, and that most self-congratulatory of all magazines, *Vanity Fair*, named her among the 65 most influential people in the world.

How can we explain this phenomenon? Why is it that while Hillary Clinton has spent so much of the last five years with approval ratings in the basement, her ideological clone enjoys the sort of popularity associated with Princess Diana?

The answer lies partly in the different nature of the two women's roles. Ironically, while Mrs. Clinton was given real political power by her husband, Mary Robinson, as president of Ireland, enjoyed only symbolic power. To try to force through her health-care plan, Mrs. Clinton had to become involved in political dog-fights day in, day out. That soon knocked the shine off her.



"We haven't quite got the bugs out of this one yet."

Mary Robinson by contrast was able to rise above all that. In Ireland the role of president is not too unlike that of a constitutional monarch. The president is not allowed to become involved in party politics. Instead, Mrs. Robinson could deliver mind-numbingly PC speeches about caring and sharing. Often she gave the impression that if everyone on the planet would just have a huge group hug, world peace would instantaneously be manifested.

FOR seven long years, she had a marvelous old time replacing the Christian Beatitudes with the liberal platitudes. Let me give a quick example. Every year, right across Europe, millions upon millions of people tune in to a piece of unadulterated kitsch called the Eurovision Song Contest. Ireland has lately been in the habit of winning it. This year we hosted it at great expense for the umpteenth time.

Anyone at all familiar with the Eurovision Song Contest knows it is a piece of light, frothy, bubbly pop entertainment. Not Mary Robinson. She detected in Eurovision "a deeper significance —the celebration of difference and the fostering of deeper ties of understanding and tolerance between the many communities that make up the European family." More than that, Eurovision is part of the fight against racism. "A key response in the fight against racism is the valuing of diversity and an appreciation of how much we can learn from other cultures and traditions. Music is an especially powerful medium for breaking down barriers and building friendships across ethnic, religious, or cultural divides."

She never missed an opportunity to deliver a pious, liberal homily. This particular homily was to be found in the program handed out at the Eurovision Song Contest. I felt an urge to bless myself before and after reading it.

Her presidency was full of this sort of thing, and the people just loved it. The media loved it even more. She was only

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rarely subjected to the sort of critical analysis which might have come from a magazine such as NATIONAL REVIEW—if such a thing existed in Ireland, which unfortunately it doesn't. Mrs. Robinson had a number of other things going for her as well. She was our first ever woman president. She was young by comparison with her predecessors. She exported very well. She would not embarrass us on the international stage. Most of all she came to symbolize that wondrous and shiny thing called New Ireland.

Where Old Ireland was conservative, authoritarian, repressive, rural, poor, and Catholic, New Ireland is open, pluralist, tolerant, urban, prosperous, and post-Catholic.

In a sense the Ireland of 1997 is the best possible place to be right now, so long as you have a bit of money in your pocket. We still retain much of the cohesiveness of Old Ireland—i.e., family breakdown, crime, and the like are still low by Western standards—while we have the freedom and prosperity of New Ireland. We have yet to see that the repression of yesterday will be replaced by the anomie of tomorrow. Paraphrasing Allan Bloom, the *ancien régime* has fallen and we are enjoying Bastille Day, blissfully ignorant of the Terror that waits just around the corner.

DURING the seven years of her presidency, what was almost never remarked upon was that the perception that Mrs. Robinson was in some way above politics was precisely that, a perception. Although she was above *party* politics, she was not above politics in a much more important sense; in fact, hers was the most ideological presidency we have ever had. She was a social democrat before she took office, and remained one throughout her term, refusing to leave her ideological baggage at the door of Aras an Uachtarain (the home of the president), as she should have.

While her speeches aimed at domestic audiences were generally high-sounding but bland, the speeches aimed at overseas audiences were overtly ideological. This is especially clear from a reading of those relating to the United Nations and the Third World. She continually spoke of the need to redistribute resources, she warned against developing countries' adopting the East Asian model of economic development. She decried the imbalance which exists between the "powerful" and the "powerless" throughout the world. In all these respects she was a standard, egalitarian-minded, left-wing politician.

Mary Robinson never missed an opportunity to deliver a pious, liberal homily.

This was almost never pointed out to the public because most Irish journalists share her ideological outlook and perceived all this as so much common sense. Indeed, Mrs. Robinson is to the media in Ireland today what the bishops were to an earlier generation—on a pedestal and above reproach.

Her departure, before her term of office ended, for the United Nations only serves to highlight her ideological commitment. She has been placed into the Human Rights Commission not because she is some faceless bureaucrat who will upset no one, but precisely because she will put that office to great use.

My advice to American readers: keep your eye on Geneva and don't believe the gushing prose you will read about Mary Robinson elsewhere. □

Mr. Quinn is the editor of the Irish Catholic *and a columnist for the Irish edition of the London* Sunday Times.

THE KENNEDY TAPES

INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE DURING THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS

Edited by Ernest R. May & Philip D. Zelikow

OCTOBER 1962: the United States and the Soviet Union stood face to face, each brandishing enough nuclear weapons to obliterate civilization in the Northern Hemisphere. For two weeks the inner circle of President Kennedy's National Security Council twice came to the brink of attacking Soviet military units in Cuba. Through it all, unbeknownst to any of the participants except the President himself, audio tape was rolling. These are the full and authenticated transcripts of those riveting recordings.

"This is not the fictionalized dialogue of a Joe Klein, or even the reconstructed dialogue of a Bob Woodward—this is the real thing. The result is gripping history."
—Richard J. Tofel, THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

For those who want their history straight, who enjoy reading the words of government officials from the president on down as they attempt to deal with a serious international crisis...**—this is a book to treasure."**
—Walter Pincus, WASHINGTON POST BOOK WORLD

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The words are a record of decision-making in a nuclear crisis that has no equal."
—Tim Weiner, NEW YORK TIMES

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Order in the Court

By clarifying the Fourteenth Amendment, Congress could significantly restrain the power of the Court.

LINO A. GRAGLIA

NOTHING is more important to the health of our political system and society than that limits be placed on the power of judges. There is no way that conservative or traditional policies can be restored or made to prevail in this country unless this is done. But how is it to be done? Alexander Hamilton, the original theorist of judicial review, argued that complete protection from abuse of judicial power lay in the fact that judges could be impeached. Only one Justice of the Supreme Court has ever been impeached, however, and he was not convicted, causing President Jefferson to declare that impeachment is a "farce," "not even a scarecrow." Indeed, given that Justices Brennan and Douglas, for example, were not impeached, it is hard to imagine who might be.

Mr. Graglia is A. Dalton Cross Professor of Law at the University of Texas at Austin.

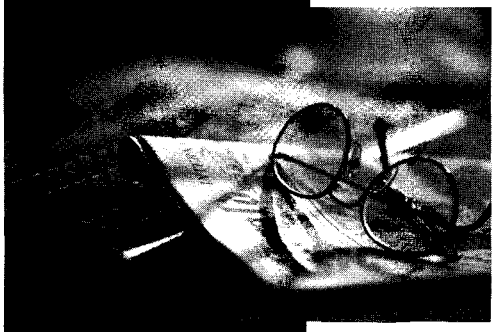
Supreme Court decisions can be overturned by constitutional amendment, but the United States Constitution is perhaps the most difficult in the world to amend. An amendment requires a petition by two-thirds of the states or a proposal by two-thirds of each House of Congress, and, in either case, ratification by three-quarters of the states. It has proved almost impossible to obtain a constitutional amendment to overturn a Supreme Court decision. An amendment to limit judicial power would meet the almost uniform opposition of the media, liberal academia, and most important, the law schools. It seems extremely unlikely at this time that conservatives would be able to muster the political power necessary to overcome this opposition.

A possible way of limiting the Supreme Court's power, in theory at least, lies in the fact that Congress can control the Court's appellate jurisdiction by ordinary legislation. Seemingly, Congress could effectively put the Court out of business. There are many problems with this approach, however, beginning with the Catch-22 that the Supreme Court would get to pass on the constitutionality of attempts to limit its jurisdiction, and it has not always upheld such legislation in the few instances when it has been tried. Furthermore, this approach may lock the barn after the horse has been stolen, in that the objectionable decisions the Supreme Court has already made will remain the law of the land to be enforced by lower courts, some of whose judges are even worse than Supreme Court Justices.

For whatever reasons, all these perfectly legal and appropriate means of limiting judicial power have come to be seen as more theoretical than real. The only real hope conservatives have had for limiting judicial activism has been the election of conservative Presidents who can be expected to appoint nonactivist judges. In a sense, however, this hope has already been fulfilled beyond all reasonable expectation. From 1969 to 1992, ten consecutive Supreme Court

(Continues on page 64)

Cal Thomas
William Buckley
Pat Buchanan
Ariana Huffington
Thomas Sowell
Robert Novak
Suzanne Fields
Tony Snow
...and many more.



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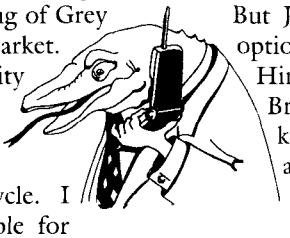
GEKKO

DURING his visit to Washington, Jiang Zemin got a standing ovation for his human-rights record. From the IRS.

■ My people have been e-mailing me to get a view on the meaning of Grey Monday in the stock market. OK—I think the volatility that we're seeing is the sign that we're bouncing around near the top of equity values for this cycle. I think that it is still possible for the equity averages to make new highs, but they won't go much beyond where they are now. Long-term dollar interest rates, which are the denominator of the stock-price equation, aren't going down much from here, and I doubt they will go below their October 1993 lows. Earnings, the numerator, are and have been strong, but they would have to get even stronger over an unsustainably long period to justify analysts' and investors' projections. So this isn't the time to make flat-out directional bets. Look for relative value. And forget about software magic saving us all from the constraints of capital and labor.



Americans have to find out that they are not really saving more when their stock prices go up—it just means that they can kid themselves that they may spend more of their income than ever while still accumulating capital.

■ The interesting technical question about the correction, selloff, whatever, was whether the so-called "circuit breakers" did more harm than good. The idea of the circuit breakers was to give traders and investors the opportunity to calm down and get over their panic. Instead, it seemed, the effect was about as calming as temporarily locking the doors on a burning building.

My own tendencies are to let the storm run its course and see what happens. Other people, who probably have fewer speeding tickets to their credit than I do, think circuit-breaker trading halts are a good idea. The group that formulated the present form of market circuit breakers was the Brady Commission, which was named after Nicholas Brady, George Bush's Secretary of the Treasury, and one of the dumbest men and best tennis players ever to hold that job. I didn't call him for his opinion.

But Jeffrey Tabak, who runs the options business at Miller Tabak, Hirsch, and Co., was on the Brady Commission, and he knows what he's talking about. As usual, he sounded as if he were trying to answer my question while untangling some parachute cords in mid descent. "Circuit breakers were and are a good idea," he said. "What bothers me is how slow the New York Stock Exchange Board of Governors is to reset them to the right level for today's prices. When we originally set the point declines that trigger the circuit breakers, they represented a level of 15 to 20 per cent of the market's value. That's what they should be now. If set properly, then they would not have created a panic. This is a dynamic not a static market."

Seems sensible. If you believe in circuit breakers at all. The Board of Governors could probably reset the levels with a conference call. Given today's volatility, they ought to get on the stick.

■ The other reason why panic took hold on Monday, of course, was Maria Bartiromo's absence from the floor of the Exchange. For an entire day, the household goddess wasn't there to hear our prayers. It was only when CNBC relented and put her back on camera that a recovery became possible.

"This has been a test. Had this been an actual takeover attempt, you would have been instructed . . ."

■ Let's say you were a lender and some borrower admitted that the proceeds of a $500-million loan had been stolen. Would your reaction be to lend him another $750 million for the same purpose? Beep! Wrong answer! Sorry, you won't be going on to the Final Jeopardy round, and you're also not qualified to run the World Bank.

That's because the World Bank—which, in case you didn't know it, has its borrowings guaranteed in part by you, the U.S. taxpayer—has just lent Russia $750 million to "restructure" its coal industry. This after the Russian Ministry of Finance's investigators found that the last loan for this purpose had been ripped off by politicians and gangsters—if indeed those are separate categories in Russia. Nobody went to jail for this. Nobody was arrested. It's not clear why it won't just happen again.

Of course, you and I don't have Strobe Talbott's legendary feel for Russian policy. We're probably just as stupid as Ronald Reagan, who failed to heed Mr. Talbott's admonitions in *Time* about how to handle the delicate sensibilities of the Soviets. Good thing we've got Strobe over at the State Department now to look out for our interests in that part of the world.

Oddly, right across the street from the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund just decided to suspend the granting of a $700-million slice of support for Russian policies. It seems that the Russian government has not been able to meet the IMF's targets for tax collection.

Is it any wonder that the Russians are less and less inclined to take these people's policy advice?

There are also some real problems bubbling up now in the Russian market for promissory notes, called "veksels." They pay interest rates of up to 80 per cent and have an uncertain legal status. Sometimes, it seems, corporations pay the ones held by their friends and don't pay the ones held by people they don't like. This market is pretty big—maybe $12 billion, maybe $60 billion. Should confidence in these instruments ever collapse for some reason, there might be some impact on the market for Russian equities.

—JOHN DIZARD

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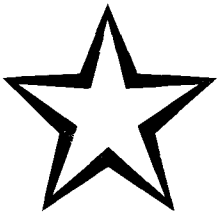

November 3, 1997

My dear Li Peng,

Salutations, Comrade!

As I fly home on the "Blood of Our Proletarian Martyrs Which Enriches the People's Progress!" Airbus 3000 (and didn't it just stick in the craw of my American hosts as I glided into the gate in a non-Boeing aircraft! Oh, the loss of face!), I write this on an IBM ThinkPad 760E (the expensive one; a gift from Lou Gerstner, the Chairman of IBM and my "host" for the past few days).

My trip through the United States was most eventful. I have learned many things about the Americans on my journey, and some will prove useful in our future dealings with them.

At a reception with the Vice President of the United States, Mr. Albert Gore, I remarked, as I sipped a cup of coffee, that I was probably the only Chinese guy to drink coffee in the White House for free. This, I thought, was a humorous observation, and one which I fully expected to be greeted with guffaws or, at least, chuckles.

Even after I had the jape translated twice, Mr. Gore refused to smile. What can one say about these Americans? They are a grim and humorless people, I think. Efficient, yes. A bundle of laughs, no. I know that sounds racist, but, my friend, the facts speak for themselves.

Still another example: at a banquet given by the Congress (a body similar to our Party Steering Committee in its powerlessness and love of oratory) I greeted Senator Fred Thompson, who, like President Clinton, is a former movie actor, and remarked upon a recent speech he had given accusing the Chinese government of trying to manipulate the recent election.

"Quite true," I said. "We were successful in thwarting the ambitions of Mr. Ross Perot."

He roared with laughter.

"No, no, Senator," I said, "I'm serious."

More laughter from the slow-witted gweilo. I do not understand these Americans: they laugh when no joke is made, and they stare stone-faced when a particularly funny one is uttered.

All told, of course, my visit was a remarkable success. We are allowed to continue our sales of nuclear equipment to our Middle Eastern clients, and in return, we are obliged to purchase four power plants at subsidized prices.

At the end of my stay in Washington, D.C., I received a nifty colonial-style three-cornered hat, which I'm still wearing, and several charming cash gifts from Boeing, Westinghouse, Bechtel, and GE. At my farewell dinner, I was surrounded by the chairmen of these great corporations, and for the first time, I truly felt that our great nation was on the correct path. We have forged a new road, my comrade. The China of yesterday is a flicker of the memory. A century ago, a great nation of the West fought the Opium Wars to open our markets. Now, they give us suitcases of cash and really cool hats.

Oh, and I rang the bell at the New York Stock Exchange. While there, I purchased several shares of Berkshire Hathaway—Buffett is still bullish—had lunch with Abby Joseph Cohen (also still bullish—Southern California REITs are, as you predicted, a terrific buy), and met briefly with a few guys from Hambrecht & Quist about taking the wife's calligraphy business public. More later.

In fact, the only sour note on my trip came when I announced I would visit Harvard.

"Sir," the youthful Madeleine Albright cautioned, "you may wish to postpone or even—dare I say it?—cancel your trip to Cambridge. I'm not sure that Harvard will be hospitable to you."

"What do you mean, pretty lady?" I asked.

She smiled her girlish smile. "Sir, there will be many protestors there. The Chinese government is not too popular at Harvard."

"But why?" I asked. "Are we not Communists?"

"Yes, but—"

"The old Soviet Union was hugely popular on that campus," I replied. "So now all of a sudden, the Chinese are persona non grata?"

"Well," she said, "there's human rights, Taiwan, that sort of thing. And, Mr. President, as you yourself have said, the Chinese people are developing a third path. So strictly speaking, you're not really Communists anymore."

"And you think this offends Harvard's sensibilities?" I asked.

"I think so," she answered.

"Ah," I said, nodding. "Maoists, eh?"

I went to Cambridge anyway, my comrade. There were some scattered protests, but nothing compared to the protests that greeted Ronald Reagan.

We still have much to learn about this peculiar country, my friend. Much to learn.

Jiang

PS: Bringing back 23 cartons of Camel Filters for the wife. Did not have time to purchase new Waylon Jennings disc.

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The Bermuda Triangle-Sun

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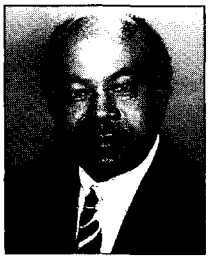
Ward Connerly

Mona Charen

John Leo

Brent Bozell

Kate O'Beirne

John O'Sullivan

William Rusher

NORTH POLE, Nov. 6—In a startling development that has shocked the world-wide retail industry, as well as toy, gift, and fruitcake manufacturers, Kris Kringle today recommended the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** as "the best gift anyone can give" this Holiday.

The announcement came at a press briefing at Mr. Kringle's North Pole headquarters.

Surrounded by elves singing "Have Yourself a Merry Little Cruisemas," Mr. Kringle declared that *NR*'s forthcoming voyage to Bermuda would make the premier present to "loved ones, special someones, and even the entire family." Mr. Kringle denied charges that his bombshell endorsement was a ploy to "lighten his load" on December 25th.

Kris Kringle

"Nonsense," the jolly Mr. Kringle said, his belly shaking. "Can you imagine someone getting a *better* gift than the chance to travel with *National Review*'s editors and special guests on the *Zenith*? The only thing that comes close," said Mr. Kringle, "is a gift subscription to *NR*. Of course, if I *really* cared about someone, I'd give them both the cruise *and* an *NR* gift subscription." Mr. Kringle also confirmed rumors that he attended *NR*'s recent Alaska cruise ("incognito, of course; it was a marvelous affair").

The news of Santa's endorsement for the Bermuda trip "was an incredible surprise," said an *NR* Office of Cruise Affairs staffer. "Mr. Kringle is right: the cruise would make a great gift for that hard-to-shop-for loved one who already has everything."

Officials also announced that sales for the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** are "non-stop." Over 75 cabins have been reserved for the voyage, with "more orders coming in every day."

The National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise is scheduled for May 23–30, 1998, aboard the *Zenith*, the stunning vessel labeled "indisputably gracious, airy, and comfortable" by Fodor's *Worldwide Cruises*. "Headlining" the cruise will be *NR*'s **John O'Sullivan** and **Kate O'Beirne,** Judge **Robert Bork**, author **Dinesh D'Souza**, FOX News' **Brit Hume**, California "Proposition 209" champion **Ward Connerly**, *U.S. News & World Report* columnist **John Leo**, syndicated columnist **Mona Charen**, former *NR* Publisher **William Rusher**, and Media Research Center founder **Brent Bozell**.

The ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** will showcase stimulating seminars on media bias and political correctness, plus exclusive events, including several cocktail parties and late-night poolside "smokers" featuring classic **H. Upmann** cigars and top-shelf cognac. Prices for the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** include participation in all *NR* seminars and social events, your stateroom, all meals, plus taxes, port fees, and gratuities, and start at a low $2,024 per person. (Sign up before December 1, 1997, and *NR* will reduce your fare another $100!).

As usual, "single" cabins are available, and if you wish to "share" a cabin with another person, *NR* will gladly play matchmaker and try to set you up with another right-minded "fellow traveler" (if you'll pardon *that* expression).

To get your FREE copy of the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** Information Kit, call *NR*'s new toll-free number: 1-888-335-4001 (before the cabin of your choice is *gone*!). Until next time, this has been Sandi Beech, *National Review* Cruise Correspondent for *The Bermuda Triangle-Sun*.

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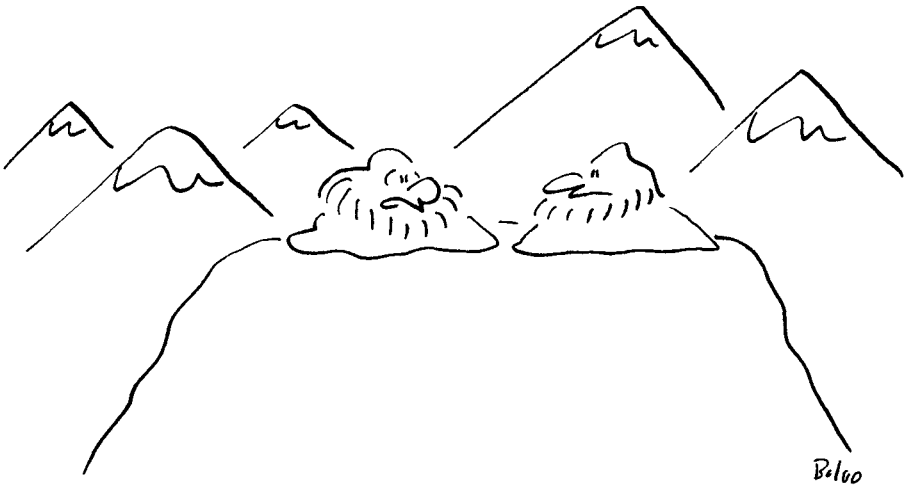
help!!!

Statistician

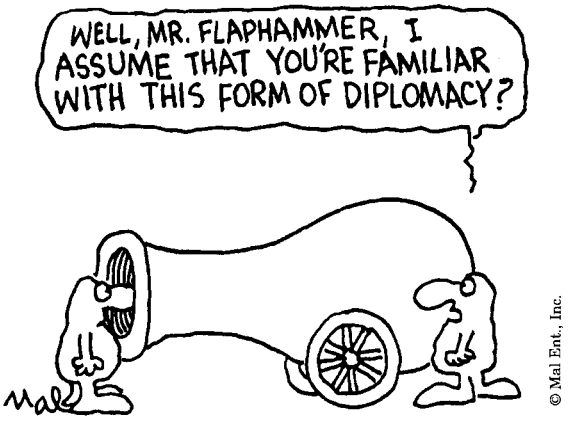
He set
his cat on scales,
but she stepped off or played
to show him that some things cannot
be weighed.

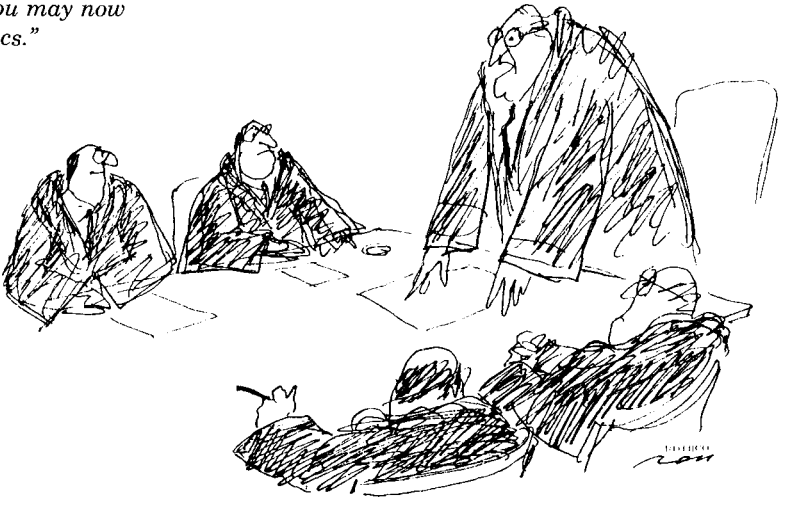
—GLORIA A. MAXSON



"It started out as meditation, but now it's quiet desperation."

"This concludes our network coverage of the election. You may now look forward to two or three days without politics."





"Then it's agreed, gentlemen. We're all for law and order."

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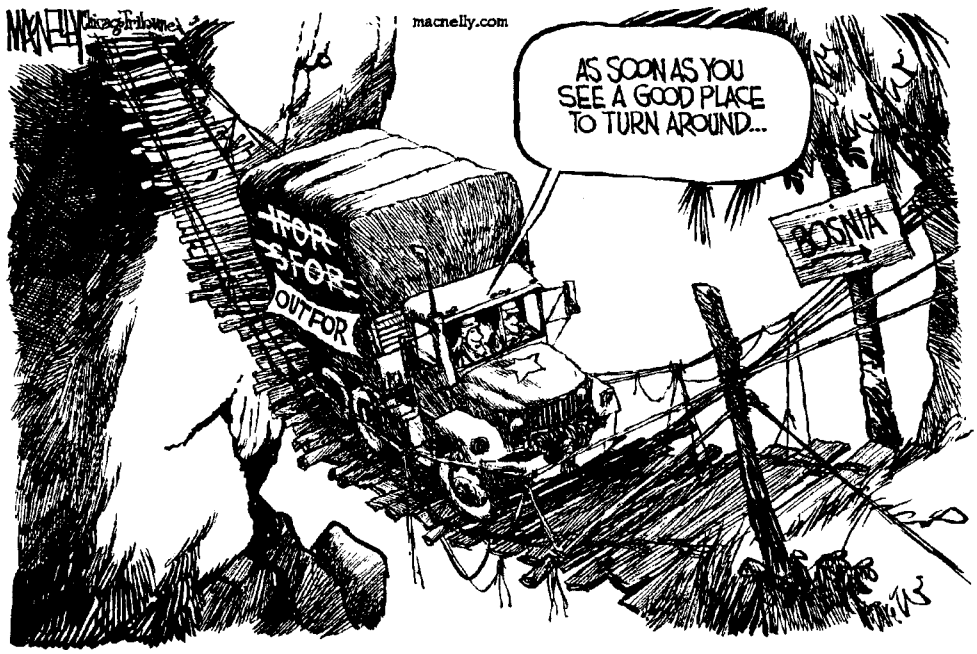

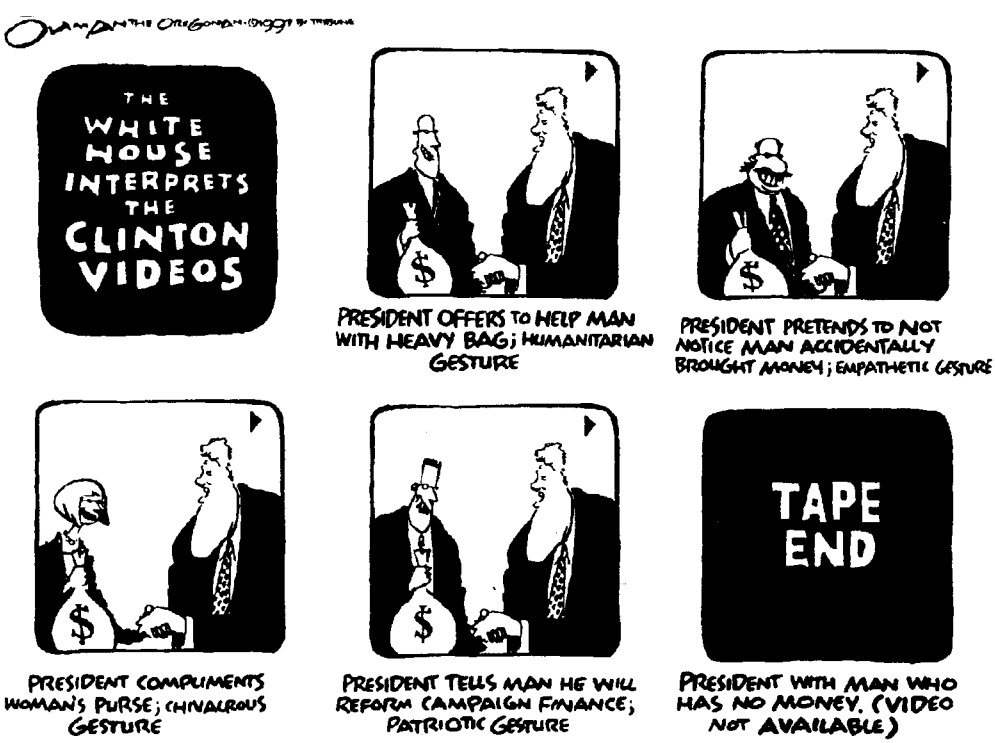
THE WHITE HOUSE INTERPRETS THE CLINTON VIDEOS
PRESIDENT OFFERS TO HELP MAN WITH HEAVY BAG; HUMANITARIAN GESTURE
PRESIDENT PRETENDS TO NOT NOTICE MAN ACCIDENTALLY BROUGHT MONEY; EMPATHETIC GESTURE
PRESIDENT COMPLIMENTS WOMAN'S PURSE; CHIVALROUS GESTURE
PRESIDENT TELLS MAN HE WILL REFORM CAMPAIGN FINANCE; PATRIOTIC GESTURE
TAPE END
PRESIDENT WITH MAN WHO HAS NO MONEY. (VIDEO NOT AVAILABLE)

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Conspiracy Central

JACOB COHEN

WE KNOW that as President Kennedy lay dying in Parkland Hospital in Dallas, a priest came to administer the Last Rites. Later the priest commented that he had seen a ghastly wound on the left side of the President's head, though nearly everyone else who saw the President, and the autopsy photos, place the wound on the right. (The priest probably confused his left side with the President's.) One witness to the shooting insisted that the President's car came to a complete stop, as if to make the shot easier for the assassin, and another witness saw someone rear up from the back of the car holding a submachine gun (but no one else saw these things, nor are they confirmed by films of the car during the time in question). Yet another eyewitness to the shooting, one of Oliver Stone's prime witnesses in his film *JFK*, commented that she had seen a puppy dog in the back seat of the presidential limousine, between the President and Mrs. Kennedy. (She may have seen it, but it wasn't there.)

The Strange Death of Vincent Foster: An Investigation, by Christopher Ruddy (Free Press, 316 pp., $25)

Rare is the widely witnessed human event that does not provoke contradictory human reports, many of which prove to be groundless. Obviously, to reconstruct the singular truth of what actually happened, one must resolve contradictions, quickly discarding the apparent errors, the fantasies, and, not infrequently, the mischief of incorrect observers.

There are those, however, who revel in the contradictions, resisting every effort to resolve even the most easily resolvable of them, as if every human report had equal metaphysical validity and therefore had to be respected permanently. To people of this sort, efforts to resolve contradictions and to scoff at the ridiculous are seen only as proof of blind prejudice, a desire to cover up evildoing, or worse. For them reality is not singular but, like Alice's Wonderland, fundamentally absurd. They are unfazed by the prospect of embracing contradictory realities. Some of this sort devotedly read wild conspiracy books, or write them.

Roman Genn

As a case in point, consider the tolerance for contradiction and the resulting fantastical insinuations in Christopher Ruddy's "investigation" of the apparent suicide of Vincent Foster, Bill and Hillary Clinton's close friend and legal advisor, an event which, Ruddy palpably implies, was a murder followed immediately by a massive coverup, engineered by people who are thereby implicated in the murder.

Foster's body was found lying beneath an old cannon in a small park in Virginia located about seven miles from the White House. The body was first seen at about 5:50 on the afternoon of July 20, 1993. Among the indications of suicide which the official investigators have cited are the results of the Foster autopsy, which claimed to have found that death came when a gun inserted deep into Foster's mouth was fired, the bullet exiting from high on the back of his head. Powder burns were found on Foster's hands and deep in his throat, and, significantly, no other wounds or physical signs of struggle were found, according to the doctor who performed the autopsy and his assistant. Nor was discussion of other wounds or bruises reported by four witnesses to the autopsy. Photos taken during the autopsy, and Polaroid photos taken at the scene, support these conclusions. The autopsy also noted a deep indentation in Foster's right thumb, which had been observed awkwardly jammed near the trigger of a pistol (his own) when his body was recovered. DNA tests of spittle on the nose of the gun matched Foster's. Two separate teams of prominent forensic pathologists who subsequently reviewed the autopsy findings concurred with them—entirely.

However, as it happens, there was also contradictory eyewitness testimony—offering, for instance, the assertions that Foster also had a wound on the left side of his neck, somehow missed during the autopsy, and that the exit wound was actually much lower than the one described by the autopsy and shown in the photos, and/or that the exit wound was smaller than the one described in the autopsy (befitting a different kind of gun), or, alternatively, that there may have been no exit wound at all. Further, Ruddy suggests, if the alleged damage to Foster's right hand was actually observed in the autopsy room, it couldn't have been caused by his holding a gun, because one observer failed to see a gun in Foster's hand

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when the body was discovered (though many others did, and Polaroid photos show the gun clearly). In any case, if there was a gun—which on the Ruddy thesis is in doubt—it wasn't Foster's gun, a family heirloom, but another very different-looking gun, according to the description of another witness. As it happens, when shown a Polaroid photo of the gun in Foster's hand, taken at the scene, this last witness later averred that he had been mistaken, but Ruddy sees this recantation and several others he has had to endure only as evidence of intimidation by ruthless investigators bent on enforcing their untenable conclusions. There is no effort on Ruddy's part to resolve the contradictions. He revels in them.

Why, Ruddy asks indignantly, over and over again, weren't these contrary evidences taken seriously? Here are a few reasons why (there are many others): To suggest that there were clear and obvious wounds which the autopsy doctors missed entirely or mislocated by a wide margin, or that the doctors added wounds where there were none, one must suggest much more than workaday incompetence; rather, there would have to have been a fully developed campaign of deceit and distortion, including fake photographs, which must already have been fully in motion almost from the moment of the discovery of the body. (Ruddy sees no problem in using these photos when they suit him and scoffing at them when they crowd him.) If such a campaign were already in motion during the autopsy, then it must have been in preparation well before.

To gauge the nonsense Ruddy is pressing on us, think about the discussion in the autopsy room. Did no one say: "Oh look, there is a wound on the side of his neck" (not a blood spot, which probably provoked the mistaken observation, but a wound)? Or perhaps someone said something like that, only to be informed that those present were not allowed to see the wound, and that they were supposed to see other wounds which actually weren't there, or were required to move wound locations considerable distances, and that they would be well advised never to mention these matters again. What mysterious power was in command in that autopsy room to occasion such extraordinary behavior?

Or, to extend the absurdity a bit further (one can go on and on in this way simply by slowing the argument down and insisting on cogency): Ruddy suggests that Foster was empty-handed when he was found; is he also seriously proposing the possibility that the police, finding a dead man with no gun in his hand, immediately produced one, Foster's own, obtained heaven knows how and when, in order to support their unsupportable belief that he shot himself? If Ruddy is not suggesting that, then what is his point in insisting, several times, that a witness failed to see a gun? Isn't it clear to him, as it must have been, immediately, to the police, that that person was simply mistaken?

RUDDY doesn't even accept the accuracy of official accounts of the location in the park where Foster was found. According to nearly all the witnesses who saw the body, Foster was found near what has come to be called the second, of two, cannons in the park. Not surprisingly, observations of his exact position vis-à-vis that cannon vary from one fallible human observer to another. Appalled by what these inconsistencies might mean, and relying on one witness, Ruddy stitches together the insinuation that the body was actually found near the first cannon, not the second, which was one hundred yards away. Indeed, a considerable portion of his book argues for this proposition. When Ruddy has to deal with, for example, the fact that the morning after the body was found, a reporter discovered a large blood spot and an abandoned surgical glove near the second cannon, precisely where most of the witnesses and official accounts place the body, he suggests that the Park Police planted both the blood spot and the glove. Remember, that deception would have taken place just hours after the discovery of the body. Why? What would have compelled all those involved to lie so drastically, so soon? Ruddy suggests—disingenuously, I believe—that perhaps members of the Park Police, having grossly misstated the location of the body in their first reports, immediately covered up that incredible mistake out of professional embarrassment, and have continued to do so to this day. And presumably all subsequent investigators, aware of what Ruddy knows, simply agreed on the mistaken location —off by a hundred yards—and fabricated considerable counter-evidence, all to save the reputation of the Park Police.

It will not wash. Clearly Ruddy is insinuating much more than he openly

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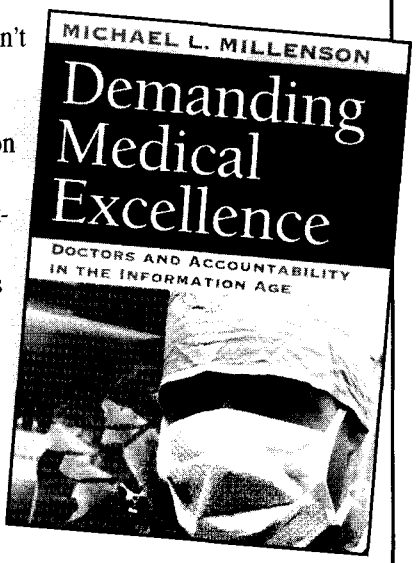
—Publishers Weekly



Michael L. Millenson

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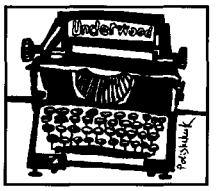
admits. For only a massive coverup, at work from the first to create the false legend of a suicide in the park, could explain the elaborately orchestrated defense of an obvious error of this magnitude. Again, Ruddy's prime witness, who first placed the body at the first cannon, later recanted, but Ruddy accepts no recantations from the victims of the virtual Gestapo which he suggests has orchestrated this coverup with the sheepish complicity of all subsequent official investigators, who must know what he knows but refuse to see what he sees.

One could go on and on. In my view there is not, in this work of cascading suspicions and insinuations, a single important suspicion that, taken separately and slowly, stands up to rational scrutiny. Consider the matter of Foster's briefcase, to which much fretting is devoted. Ruddy goes to extraordinary lengths to prove that the briefcase was in Foster's car, a grey Honda, which was parked in a lot seven hundred feet from the place where his body was discovered. To be sure, some observers said they saw a briefcase in the car, although Polaroid photos of the then-locked interior of the car do not show it. One witness later agreed that what he saw could have been a canvas bag. A second also conceded he might have been mistaken—another forced recantation, Ruddy suggests. There is a witness who said that, on the afternoon of the death, he saw Foster leave his office with the briefcase, but two others who observed his departure say he did not have it. But what is the point here? Foster's briefcase was found in his office the night of his death. Is Ruddy suggesting that persons in the conspiracy removed the briefcase from the car and then, unseen, placed it in his office to prove that it had not been in the car? That very night? Who would know to do that? Who, at Conspiracy Central, would have told them to? And suppose the briefcase *was* in the car? So what? Perfervidly, Ruddy argues that a briefcase there indicates that Foster might have left his office to meet someone and that that meeting could have had something to do with his death. Why, he trumpets, did the numbskulled investigation ignore this ripe clue? Well, one reason might be that the briefcase was not in the car, a few (now recanted) observations to the contrary notwithstanding.



Then there is the matter of the keys to Foster's car. They were found in his pants pocket at the hospital, along with another ring of four door and cabinet keys, at about nine o'clock in the evening. Apparently an earlier examination of his clothing in the park had not turned up the keys. How, Ruddy asks, did keys not present at the scene find their way to the hospital? If there were no car keys at the scene, how did Foster get to the park? The insinuation is clear: he was killed earlier (having permitted his killers to put a gun into his mouth without leaving any sign of resistance) and was then brought to the park in a second car while accomplices drove *his* car, with his jacket and wallet in the front seat, to the park to help feign the suicide.

Ruddy claims to have accompanied Knowlton on one of his walks and seen the menacing men with their menacing stares. Is there a school which teaches federal agents this methodology of intimidation?

Continuing the implied scenario: the killers drove into the park, to a spot near the first cannon, removed Foster's body, carrying it a considerable distance over rocky, hilly terrain. They then propped him beneath the cannon, the first cannon, perhaps shot him again in order to make it look like a suicide, and left him there. Of course, we have already learned elsewhere in the book that they had no worries that medical authorities would find signs of the murder because those authorities were willing to do anything to preserve the suicide legend. All this would have happened in broad daylight, in a park across the street from a dense residential area, a park that is routinely filled with lovers, joggers, picnickers, cruisers, and men who wish to relieve themselves. Park rangers drive through quite frequently. One wonders, didn't the killers worry that they might be seen? Perhaps not, since they could be confident that the conspiracy would bully any inconvenient observer into remaining silent. Perhaps that explains why they did not wait for nightfall, when the park would have been closed.

Later the killers, or perhaps their police collaborators, must have brought Foster's keys to the hospital and, undetected, placed them in his pocket. Or was it Craig Livingstone, the notorious White House aide, who brought and planted the keys, as Ruddy insinuates? Livingstone came an hour and a half after the keys were found, and viewed the body through a glass window, well-established facts which, however, do not inhibit Ruddy's imagination. Let me suggest this subversive possibility: the first cursory examination of Foster simply missed the keys. Even policemen sometimes make innocent mistakes.

TO THIS reader, nothing better illustrates Ruddy's fanciful susceptibilities than his discussion of one of his favorite witnesses, Patrick Knowlton, who claims that he came to the park at 4:30 on the afternoon of July 20 to relieve himself, and at that time saw in the parking lot a brown Honda with Arkansas plates. Today, Knowlton is furious that official reports have suggested that the brown Honda with Arkansas plates that he saw was actually Foster's grey Honda with Arkansas plates.

He insists that a very sinister-looking man was hovering around the parking lot and may have monitored his peeing. Was that man, Ruddy wonders, a lookout protecting the killers as they deposited Foster's body? Perhaps, but Knowlton seems to have a penchant for seeing the sinister in the glances of those he meets. He is now a regular at meetings of Foster Disbelievers, claiming that he has been the victim of a massive campaign to frighten him into changing his testimony. Mysterious cars follow him, he says. Carefully organized teams of men constantly pass him and his girlfriend on the street, giving them very menacing stares. Ruddy claims to have accompanied him on one of his walks and seen the menacing men with their menacing stares. Apparently, they are present during every walk Knowlton takes, so that any experimental stroll will reveal them. One wonders, is there

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a school that teaches federal agents this methodology of intimidation?

I'm sure Ruddy would vehemently protest the main lines of accusation here. He is not alleging a grand conspiracy, involving many conscious co-conspirators, he says, only saying that many, many little men did little things, separately and severally, all of which now add up, in retrospect, to this grand deceit. But he never says who told them to do that. The story doesn't hold without the big conspiracy. What authority established the party line on suicide such that investigators—doctors, Park Police, two Special Counsels and most of their staff, FBI, and many others who could be named—willed themselves into ignorance about matters of fact which Ruddy insists are as plain as the hole in the side of Vince Foster's neck?

In the name of simple good sense, will people like Christopher Ruddy never let go and make way for the investigation of legitimate suspicions about possible obstructions of justice connected with the removal from Foster's office of papers perhaps touching on Whitewater, Travelgate, and Filegate? That is where the story is. The fustian in this work, and those like it, distracts us from important public business. □

The Poetry of Friendship

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

READERS drawn to this book will come in looking for yet more from the numinous pen of Whittaker Chambers, and they will find his special idiom abundantly there. But they will have also absorbing material from Ralph de Toledano. "You are essentially a poet," Chambers wrote him in 1958. "Hence I suspect that, like me, your grasp of pretty damned near all is intuitive." Chambers was ever so gently discouraging Toledano from publishing a book on atomic espionage, which advice Toledano—a poet, but also a working journalist—did not take, suffering the displeasure of a press critical of any enterprise that focused on domestic subversion (has any book on clandestine domestic Communist activity—ever—been welcomed by the establishment press?). The friendship had taken root when Toledano covered the Chambers–Hiss trial for *Newsweek*. From it, much that is wonderful issued. Mutual support and affection, and a correspondence lovely and heuristic. Here are the letters from Chambers—the master—but also from Toledano, the young, learned poet/activist who in these letters records many things, among them the early disillusionments, personal and professional, of an arrested career.

Notes from the Underground: The Whittaker Chambers–Ralph de Toledano Letters, 1949–1960, edited and annotated by Ralph de Toledano, introduction by Terry Teachout (Regnery, 342 pp., $24.95)

Sam Tanenhaus's biography of Chambers, published earlier this year, did magisterial things. The reader inquisitive about one of the great exotic sensibilities of the postwar world is left thoroughly satisfied by the narrative of Chambers's life, and confident—the successful biographer's supreme gift—that he now knows something about the character of the subject. Yet Tanenhaus suffered one handicap, the inexplicable refusal of Chambers's son, who controls copyrighted material, to permit direct quotations from unpublished Chambers writing. The result was a little more desiccation than Tanenhaus would otherwise have settled for in his grand work on the extraordinary life and drama of Whittaker Chambers. Ralph de Toledano produces this volume athwart the son's disapproval, but with an undeniable dispensation: it was the explicit wish of Chambers that, some day, the correspondence should be released; which now it is, almost fifty years after the young press editor of *Newsweek* befriended the dislocated senior editor of *Time*, being tried for slander and libel—the plaintiff, Alger Hiss. It was a melodramatic encounter with historical consequences, a trial as charged with drama as those of Galileo and Dreyfus. Chambers lived to write his great gift to the West, *Witness*; and to write such letters as these which, with Toledano's, are the poetry of friendship.

Chambers's impatience was never greater than with those who failed to understand the singular reach and appeal of the Communist vision to which he had succumbed.

TOLEDANO had become a close friend also of the other principal in the trial, Richard Nixon, the guiding hand of the congressional committee that had activated the confrontation. After his book on the trial (*Seeds of Treason*, a gripping best-seller written with Victor Lasky) Toledano wrote several other books, among them an admiring biography of Nixon. Toledano was now feeling (in the late Fifties) the increasingly mordant pressure of politically hostile colleagues at *Newsweek* (under Malcolm Muir). There are sentences and paragraphs in his correspondence with Chambers, the senior writer who had been dropped by *Time*, about professional insecurity. Toledano was soon transferred from New York to Washington, where *Newsweek* could more readily exploit its correspondent's closeness to the Vice President. A wonderful bit relates to Nixon's desperate and hilarious attempt to appease the persistent interrogations of hostile reporters. President Eisenhower had had his heart attack and now other illnesses. What loomed was the quite awful probability that Nixon would soon occupy the White House, either because Ike was dead or because Nixon would succeed him after the election of 1960. In a moment of high exasperation with an insatiable press, Nixon at one point instructs Toledano to compose appropriate answers to requests for written comment. You know my thinking, Nixon tells Toledano, and I trust you to compose my thoughts in your own language. An economical arrangement for Nixon, and valuable job insurance for Toledano, whom Nixon served as a professional lifebelt.

Then the balloon burst. In an annota-

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The Lure of Communism

A passage excised from Witness, *in which Chambers addresses a friend about the Communist movement:*

"Now, in the light of its late sundown, you tell me that you took one look at Communism and knew at once that it was a fraud. My friend, you are mistaken. In the terrible decade 1915–1923, you scarcely knew the word Communism. You did not know that, for multitudes, Communism hung, like a star-shell, lurid, but casting the only steady light into that bleeding, dark, and ruined world. It is only now that you know that Communism is a fraud. You only know now that, of the ways of saving the world, Communism is not one. I know that too—now. I learned it in another school. I learned by trying, on the day of disaster, to do something, and doing the wrong thing, because I did not see what else to do. Life has been more gracious to you—or perhaps your judgment is better. For you did nothing at all."

And then to Toledano:

"What does he [a reviewer of a book by two Soviet defectors] know of the moment when Antonov-Avseenko, at the head of the Red Guard, rushed the steps of the Winter Palace, and the president of the Petrograd Soviet [Lenin] rose to announce the news, but was at a loss for words (probably the first time in his life) until he said: 'Comrades, Delegates of the Workers and Soldiers Soviet, we have this day begun an experiment that has not its like in history.' What do such as these remember of that moment which could give even the sorry Col. Bykov [an *apparat* associate of Chambers] a certain (contemned) eloquence when he described it to me. The time: 1917–18. The place: the Russo–Austrian front. The Russian troops (one rifle to six men) often knee-deep in flooded trenches. The corpses, frozen stiff and piled in the car like cordwood. The word is flashed by air from the wireless at Tsarskoe Selo [where the Tsar is imprisoned], addressed: 'To all! To all! To all!' Or was it whispered from man to man, regiment to regiment, along the thousand-mile line: 'No more war! They are dividing the farm lands!' The trench lines began to crumble. '*Und mit Einmal*,' said Bykov, '*brachte das Alles zusammen und strömte rückwärts auf das Land los*.' And, in an instant, they all broke together and flooded backwards upon the land." □

tion, Toledano explains what brought on the angry letter from Chambers. "*Newsweek* asked Nixon, whose election to the Presidency seemed set, if he would mind if I were fired. Nixon's answer was: 'I'm not the editor of *Newsweek*.'" Toledano passes on this betrayal to Chambers, who, hugely discreet whenever writing about the Vice President, replies with an allegory. Nixon is the Lion. The rest (Chambers included) are the mice. At this kind of thing Chambers was inimitable.

> The world is rather sensibly ordered, I think, among lions and mice. But I have little respect for, I question the wisdom of, the Lion who seems not to grasp the workings of that order—its necessary compensating interactions. Or who forgets what mice meant to him in the inglorious days, and may mean again. A Lion may also look at a mouse, in that rather astigmatically majestic way lions have of surveying the universe. . . . [But then the services of the mice can prove critical.] If he doesn't know this, I think the Lion has forgotten that even summer days are interspersed with, and sometimes terminated by, the night of the hunter. Then the Lion may roar: "Mouse! Mouse!" but finds he is lord only of the closing jungle, or a veldt whose false peace dissembles the nets no mouse will gnaw him free of, while the treacherous forms circle softly in.

The mice finally did Nixon in, though that came 16 years later, 13 years after Chambers died.

It is a very beautiful book, in which the despair of Chambers is set down again and again, but it does not cloy. Chambers illuminated the horror of the revolutionary movement he had once espoused, but his impatience was never greater than with those who failed to understand the singular reach and appeal of the Communist vision to which he had succumbed. In one letter to Toledano he reproduces a paragraph that had been removed from *Witness* as "too strong," in the opinion of his editor. With the kind permission of the literary editor of *NR*, I reproduce it above, together with a second take on the same theme from this book: perfervidly eloquent statements of what it was that Communism meant for so many, in its early days back when Chambers enlisted in its behalf. That passage, and so many others by Chambers and by Toledano, beckon to sensitive readers who care about great feats of literary expression, and will welcome gratefully this volume. □

After the Invasion

DIGBY ANDERSON

I LEFT my last job in academe at the end of the Seventies to go into the think-tank world. In universities, one mixes a lot with people in one's own discipline. In the new world in which I found myself, one met and had to give an account of oneself to rather more people from other disciplines and backgrounds. Kind, established folk in this new world introduced me to other inhabitants of it. I should add that they were, like me, of a generally conservative disposition. These introductions gave rise to one rather frequent exchange:

"And what's your background, Dr. Anderson?"

"I'm a sociologist."

Incredulity. "No, not really! Gosh, I thought they were all Communists."

"A lot of sociologists are, but not all," I would reply.

"But all that jargon and Germanic language?"

"Yes, there's a lot of that."

Sometimes there would be asides: "Did you hear that? He's a sociologist! Good heavens, a friend of R's [the gentleman who had introduced us], a sociologist!"

Sometimes I would try a bolder move: "Have you considered that it might happen to you?"

Astonishment would give way to dis-

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belief plus confusion. "What might happen to me?"

"No, not you personally. Have you considered that your discipline might be overrun by Communists and relativists all spouting Germanic jargon?" There would be much head shaking. With supreme confidence they assured me that this could never happen to history, ethics, aesthetics, classics, biology, literary criticism, or theology because those were grounded variously in tradition, facts, and established procedures. Nor could the lunatics overrun newer subjects such as business studies because they were grounded in the real world: businessmen would not put up with theory in German.

These two books show, in case anyone had not noticed it, that the invasion has occurred. *The Killing of History* charts the occupation and subjugation of history. *The Future of the European Past* reveals the onward march into music (discussed by Roger Scruton), culture (David Pryce-Jones), classics (John Herington), history again, and much else. Keith Windschuttle in the former volume carefully analyzes and dissects the occupying forces. They are a grand alliance of structuralists, postmodernists, semioticians, cultural relativists, hermeneuticians, anti-humanists, historical fictionists, and radical skeptics.

The Killing of History: How Literary Critics and Social Theorists Are Murdering Our Past, by Keith Windschuttle (Free Press, 298 pp., $25)

The Future of the European Past, edited by Hilton Kramer and Roger Kimball (Ivan R. Dee, 233 pp., $26)

Though Mr. Windschuttle writes about the occupation of history, the assault on it comes from a variety of disciplines, including what was English and is now cultural studies. The re-drawing of academic frontiers and the replacement of old academic nations with new territories is part of the strategy. In order to show how the assailants rewrite history, he explores their accounts of various events. They of course would deny that these are events: we cannot establish events; we can only look at the past through the distorting lens of our own culture with all the "interests" that incorporates. Mr. Windschuttle discusses their accounts of the Battle for Quebec, the mutiny on the *Bounty*, the British founding of Australia, the fall of Communism (also discussed by Anne Applebaum in the other book), and the Spanish conquest of Mexico. He shows precisely how the crazies have got it wrong historically. His analyses are too detailed even to summarize here but are very convincing. If you need to be convinced.

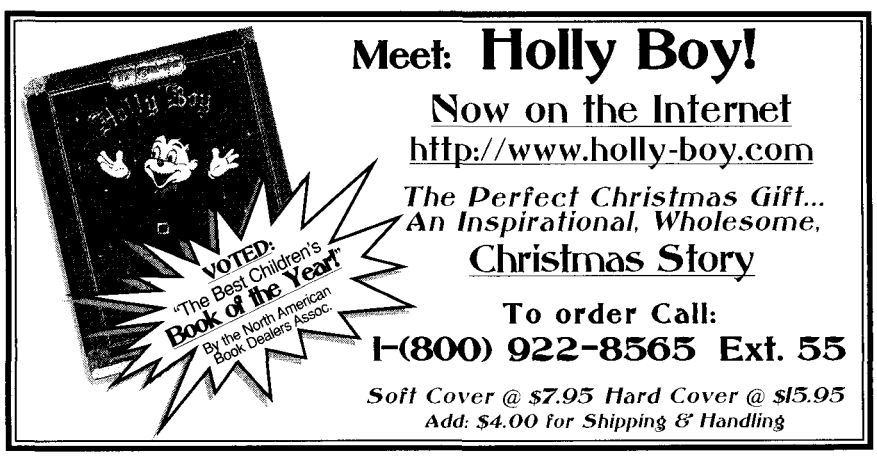
The second book is full of incisive analyses and examples of the nonsense. "It is not that pop stars want to be intellectuals, but that intellectuals want to be pop stars—a uniquely contemporary crisis. The threat to the European past comes not from mass vulgarization, but from elite vulgarization" (Mark Steyn). "What we have witnessed is an epidemic of intellectual slumming . . . a new form of elite illiteracy" (David Pryce-Jones). The higher culture has come "to be analyzed rather than lived. . . . What passes for European culture is nothing of the kind, but entertainment of a mass nature . . . football matches, television co-productions, the Eurovision song contest (in which the recent British entry was called 'Ooh Aah Just a Little Bit')." Anne Applebaum talks of the total inability of modern political, moral, and historical culture to face up to the guilt of Communism and its fellow-travelers. We are, she says, "tired of the past. There is absolutely no attempt to point the finger at anyone." Young people know nothing of the events that shaped their nation and culture. Even trivial mention of the past is obliterated: "a pub in Kent . . . mentioned by Dickens . . . formerly called 'Guy, Earl of Warwick,' is [now] 'The Ferret and Trouser Leg'" (John Gross).

Surely business studies would survive the radical assault on academia. Businessmen won't tolerate theory in German. Or will they?

Roger Kimball is perhaps best at pinpointing what this disaster in all about. It is not just about new, modern, or postmodern vandals assailing a wisdom and culture that were secure until the 1960s. It is about strands deep in the legacy of the Enlightenment. We are reaping the harvest of a movement that loosed reason from tradition. There is a problem, and if you seek to know its intellectual origins, read these books.

But more needs to be explained. First, these books do not go far, or rather wide, enough in terms of disciplines. They do not chart the invasion of medicine by epidemiological jugglery or that of the hard sciences notably by environmentalism and utopian risk attribution. Or the grand march of psychoanalytic derivatives, counseling and touchy-feely nonsense, through business studies and much else. But more important, some of us were already aware of this grand invasion. What we want to know is how it happened. How were the assailants able to conquer such vast territories so easily? More particularly, why were the territories so weakly defended? That is essentially the same question as that about the erosion of our moral and family structure. It is not: How competent was the attack? but, How incompetent

Mr. Anderson is the editor of Gentility Recalled: Mere Manners and the Making of Social Order *(Acton Institute).*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was the defense? Why did Middle America and Middle England roll over in the Sixties and allow mantra-moaning youngsters to walk all over them? Why did the guardians of traditional culture in the universities and publishing houses give in so easily?

These books do not address this crucial question. Nor do they address another about the consequences of the invasion. They assume that it is a disaster for culture. It may be. But it need not be. It is certainly a disaster for universities. But there are signs that mass modern universities may not be the most appropriate carriers of good culture anyway. Let the crazies have their university departments. The real test is whether traditional culture can survive outside. Does modern society have the class, family, and religious institutions which can resist the nonsense? If not, and there is a chance that it doesn't, then we really are in trouble. □

The Los Angeles of Novels

JAMES GARDNER

THE problem with the New York Mets is that, instead of just trying to get to first base, which is a worthy and attainable goal, they always go for the home run and all too often strike out. The problem with much recent American fiction is that, instead of crafting a simple and compelling tale, many of our most respected authors aspire to write the Great American Novel—and they fall on their faces.

***Underground*, by Don DeLillo (Scribner, 827 pp., $27.50)**

This baseball analogy is apt in the context of Don DeLillo's latest novel, which begins at a baseball game and is shot through with meditations on our national pastime. Like his friend Thomas Pynchon, Mr. DeLillo has just come out with an eight-hundred-page book which, if we are to believe the publicists, is the last word on the American, if not the human, condition. But whereas Pynchon produced in *Mason & Dixon* what can only be called the Lousy American Novel, Don DeLillo's *Underground* turns out to be the So-So American Novel. This status is itself no mean achievement, because, as I wrote in reviewing Pynchon's latest book (*NR*, June 30), the thicker the novel, the more pointless the writing and the story tend to become. This cannot be said of *Underground*, a fundamentally serious work which never lapses into incoherence and which displays a tonic humility before the art of fiction.

Underground aspires to be a *compte rendu* of American society in the second half of the twentieth century, starting with Bobby Thomson's pennant-winning homer in 1951 and ending in the radioactive aftermath of the Cold War. Though most of DeLillo's characters are purely fictional, J. Edgar Hoover, Frank Sinatra, and Jackie Gleason are depicted with the same shrewdness that the author displayed in *Libra*, an account of the Kennedy assassination. And yet, despite its obsession with recent history, *Underground* is no traditional historical novel, with all the nostalgia that the label implies. In its postmodernity, the book shares with much current culture an overwhelming consciousness of the approaching Millennium, and this consciousness transfigures the most common objects, from a baseball to a bowl of jello, into something ominously alien. Thus the actual ball that Thomson hits out of the Polo Grounds at the beginning of the novel becomes a totemic object, a Grail which is hunted down through the rest of the novel and which is supposed to symbolize the lost innocence of present-day America.

What is *Underground* about? Difficult to say. It is the Los Angeles of novels, a massive postindustrial sprawl with little discernible order and no real center; structuring a novel is something DeLillo, like many of his contemporaries, values so little that it hardly even occurs to him as an option. There is a general flatness to the novel's tone and action, an interchangeability, a movement back and forth among the decades, which never leads to anything quite so pedestrian as a climax or a denouement. Its structure consists uniquely in the recurrence of certain characters and themes: Marvin Lundy's search for Thomson's elusive home-run ball, or Klara Sax's attempts to succeed as an artist, or Lenny Bruce's mantra-like schtick, "*We're all gonna die*!"

The title of the novel refers to the obsession of physicist Nick Shay with the burial of nuclear wastes, subterranean testing of atomic bombs, and disposal of garbage in huge urban dumps. At a metaphorical level, it has to do with DeLillo's equal fascination with that part of present-day reality which is habitually overlooked by those who inhabit it. But none of these themes acquires momentum or builds to a really passionate resolution. This is not to say that the characters themselves lack intensity. They are forever bickering and forever trying to prove their little points, occasionally resorting to violence. But DeLillo's unflappable authorial voice suggests a valium-induced detachment from the situations he describes, and he never allows the reader to become involved in them either.

DeLillo's unflappable authorial voice suggests a valium-induced detachment from the situations he describes.

DeLillo has the weaknesses of his strengths. He is an expert observer of externalities. Like an urban archaeologist, he distances himself from the world in order to see it in an entirely new light, as in this description of a garbage dump: "Specks and glints, ragtails of color appeared in the stratified mass of covering soil, fabric scraps from the garment center, stirred by the wind." This passage, which goes on quite a bit longer, is undeniably excellent writing and keen observation. The problem here, as in DeLillo's earlier works, is that the accumulation of a million fine details no more captures the soul of a character or a situation than the million hairs and follicles of a stuffed lion can be said to render accurately its erstwhile vitality. Allied to this is a kind of finessing of the obvious. DeLillo has an excellent ear for dialogue. But he is so enamored of this gift that he enlists it beyond any conceivable service to a

Mr. Gardner is NR's art critic.

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given scene. A typical example is an exchange between a man and a woman:

" 'I think he knows,' she said.

" 'What?'

" 'I think he knows.'

" 'He doesn't know.'

" 'I think he knows.' "

This constant finessing brings up another issue that criticism consistently disregards these days: it is eminently possible for novels to be overlong. As the young Henry James asserted in a review of Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*, "Almost all [current] novels are greatly too long and the being too long becomes with each elapsing year a more serious offense." This opinion is a little odd coming from James, whose several virtues did not include concision. And surely there were greater offenders against the getting to the point, as he might put it, than Hardy. But in a general way James was right in his diagnosis of Victorian literature, and he would be only more correct in regard to some of our most esteemed contemporaries. *Underground* could have been cut to a third of its present length, losing none of its point and greatly enhancing such strengths as it has. But, of course, no self-respecting author who aspires to write the Great American Novel could ever be content with a measly three hundred pages. The bidding for that superlunary honor starts somewhere after page six hundred. □

FILM

Suburbia and Sub Rosa

JOHN SIMON

TWO of the most highly touted movies at the recent New York Film Festival were *The Ice Storm* and *Boogie Nights*; I don't know which I disliked more. Seeming opposites, the former is about upper-middle-class lives of quiet desperation in New Canaan, Connecticut; the latter, about making pornographic movies in the San Fernando Valley during the late Seventies and early Eighties. Yet they have something in common: neither of them knows how to get inside its characters, however much it moans or moons about them.

The Ice Storm is based on a novel by Rick Moody that, on casual leafing through, seems more interesting than the film, but not much so. The screenplay is by James Schamus—a producer/screenwriter/film teacher at Columbia University—who has here dreamed up scenes that make no sense. Take the one wherein a girl apparently about to deliver oral sex to a youth passes out from a pill she took. He just sits and sits there for ages with her head between his knees. Then he finally gets up and goes home.

Even the eponymous ice storm is made to look preposterous, what with rime covering everything in bluish-silvery splendor, like a Disney wonderland. Or take a "key party," where jaded wives pick car keys from a bowl at evening's end and go off to bed down with whichever equally jaded husband the keys belong to. The movie doesn't know whether to play this for comedy, shock value, or pathos, and manages to flub them all.

Ang Lee, the Taiwan-born director, showed nice comic sense in his Taiwanese-American trilogy, and did remarkably well by the quite different *Sense and Sensibility*. But this story, these people, seem totally alien to him, and none of them comes to palpable life. Thus the superb Joan Allen, playing the hero's cheated-on wife, walks through the film like a zombie, giving her only poor performance in a career of nothing but winners, even in such inferior movies as *Nixon* and *The Crucible*. That, surely, is both the scenarist's and the director's fault. And the gifted Kevin Kline, as her gallivanting husband, makes an uncharacteristically flat showing, while as the object of his dalliance, his best friend's icy wife, the good Sigourney Weaver carries on like a silent-movie vamp.

Poorly cast, too, are the suffering children. As a charming but disturbed teenager, Christina Ricci, fine as a tiny tot in silly movies, has turned into a graceless young girl. As another confused youngster, Adam Hann-Byrd is so gro-

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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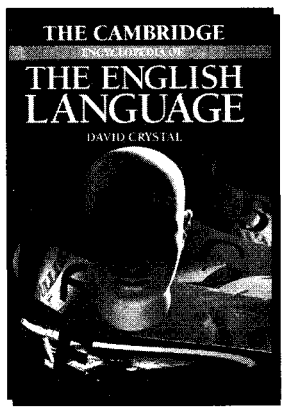

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tesque looking as to elicit involuntary laughter. Add to this the garish cinematography of the hugely esteemed—and to my view coarse and inept—Frederick Elmes; also weirdly inapposite, gamelan-style music by the pretentious Mychael [*sic*] Danna; and, finally, insufferable, dragged-in sentimentality. Ugh!

■ ***Boogie Nights*** is a somewhat more complicated failure. To make a film about the porn-film industry requires tact and skill beyond the reach of the young writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson, or P.T., as he likes to call himself. He has to some extent managed to avoid sensationalism, which is fine, but not enough. At the press conference following the screening, his every sentence was liberally sprinkled with "you know"s and "I don't know"s until he convinced me that I know, and he hasn't a clue.

What, in any case, does a 26-year-old director know about conditions from 1977 to 1984, with which he purports to be familiar? More important, what is his purpose in making such a film? If purely to titillate, I could, without commending it, understand it. However, he claims to have a higher goal: to show a moment in history when porn-movie makers thought they were on to an important new genre. Did they ever think that? Further, P.T. says: "These characters are all searching for their dignity. They're just trying to find themselves." If so, they are looking in mighty odd places, and not very hard.

Eddie Adams, the juvenile lead, is a restless youth at odds with his stridently carping mother; he is working as a busboy at a questionable Vegas joint where Jack Horner, the noted porn director, likes to hang out. Horner spots Eddie as a likely Candide for the sort of porn film in which a naïve young person is schooled in all the ways and byways of sex. And when Eddie exhibits a penis of epochal dimensions (not to us in the audience—*that* comes as the film's climax after more than two and a half hours), his career is clinched. He picks the *nom de—nom de* what, exactly?—Dirk Diggler, and is promptly astounding all and sundry on the set with his particular version of the one talent that, as he says, everyone possesses.

At the press conference following a screening of Boogie Nights, *the director's every sentence was liberally sprinkled with 'you know's and 'I don't know's until he convinced me that I know, and he hasn't a clue.*

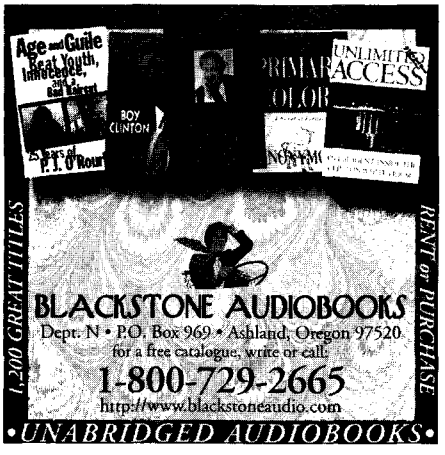
He is, as it were, adopted by Jack Horner and the porn star Amber Waves, who lives with Jack. What is Jack and Amber's relationship? Unanswered. What is Jack's sexuality? Unanswered. There is a suggestion that he may be asexual; but then why is he in this profession? Unanswered. Why isn't more made of Amber's attempts to regain her real son from her former husband? This subplot, like so many others kicking around, pops up whenever it suits P.T., and then not very persuasively. When Amber is up for a custody hearing, she, unlike her ex, does not bring a lawyer. Why? We see Eddie's initiation into sex with the company ingenue, a high-school dropout who calls herself Rollergirl and never takes off her skates, not even during intercourse. What is her story? The film is uninterested in motivation.

On Horner's team, there are endless colorful characters. Thus Little Bill, an assistant director, whose wife (played by Nina Hartley, an actual porn star and technical advisor on the film) flagrantly cheats on him in ways such that Bill must always catch her in flagrante delicto. But if he is a perfect masochist, as he must be, how does he at long last summon strength for vengeance? There are several black performers in the Horner stable; why are *they* never shown in sexual action? A whole elaborate subplot, which takes bizarre and irrelevant turns, concerns one of them, Buck Swope, a fellow who keeps changing costumes—which also remains unexplored.

P.T. drags in whatever he can think of. Thus the fat, homely male production assistant who develops an uncontrollable crush on Dirk. Thus an episode where Dirk, separated from his movie family, ends up as a male hustler beaten up by fag-bashers. Thus another episode where Dirk gets involved in the drug trade, with devastating results. Always there is a gaudy mixture of the smartass, the grotesque, and the bloodcurdling, as if P.T.'s chief aim were to outbid Quentin Tarantino—which, worse luck, it may be. But when *Boogie Nights* is on to something truly interesting, such as the curiously ambiguous relationship between Amber and Dirk—part mother and adopted son, part loving mistress and ardent young lover, part cynical fellow porn actors—the film fails to look more deeply.

Instead, we are off on more subplots: the cornball action movies that Dirk and a sidekick, in rebellion from Horner, make unsuccessfully; the porn-movie producer who lands in jail for child molestation; another producer, who vainly tries to make Horner & Co. switch from using film to using more cost-efficient video; the comical Hispanic who desperately wants to act in porn movies; and many more. What makes this overlong movie bearable is the fine performances.

Burt Reynolds, with probably a sense of his own manifold frustrations, infuses Jack with more than is in the screenplay. Julianne Moore, sweetly sexy, brings warmth and humanity to Amber. As Dirk, Mark Wahlberg (a/k/a Marky Mark, the former rapper and unwrapped Calvin Klein model) shuttles believably between befuddlement and cockiness. A large supporting cast contributes gamely. But nothing, not even careful period detail, can endow *Boogie Nights* with a sense of purpose—least of all the unearnedly cheerful final sequences. □



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GRAGLIA

(Continued from page 49)

appointments were made by Republican Presidents supposedly committed to limiting judicial activism. The result, astoundingly, has been the opposite of what was expected. Not only have none of the revolutionary decisions of the Warren Court been overturned, but additional and sometimes even more revolutionary decisions—for example, on abortion and school busing—continue to be handed down.

There is much talk today about our having a "conservative" Supreme Court. To the media, however, a conservative Court is one in which liberal decisions come with less frequency or certainty. A Court that actually rescinded prior liberal victories—for example, on abortion or prayer in the schools—would be denounced as not merely conservative but reactionary. A Court that would give conservatives positive victories comparable to those given liberals—for example, by holding that states must provide for prayer in schools—is simply unthinkable.

Not only has the present Court not rescinded prior liberal victories, but it has continued to hand down major positive liberal victories, as in its recent decisions on term limits, the Virginia Military Institute, special rights for homosexuals, and the restriction of pornography on the Internet. It is thus difficult to see much hope in expressions of resolve by Republican senators to reform the courts by refusing to confirm the nomination of activist judges. If the Republicans were unable to bring about a change in the judiciary when they were making the appointments, what do you think are their chances of doing so by merely exercising a veto?

We are therefore in a terrible bind: judicial activism probably cannot be limited without a constitutional amendment, and amendments are extremely difficult to obtain. Robert Bork has suggested an amendment giving Congress the power to overturn Supreme Court decisions by majority vote. There is much to be said for this proposal. Even better would be an amendment simply abolishing judicial review; elected representatives should have the first word on public-policy issues, not merely an opportunity to undo the decisions of the judges. However, I would like to make an alternative suggestion that, although it unfortunately also requires a constitutional amendment, may appear to be less radical and may therefore be more difficult to oppose.

The vast majority of rulings of unconstitutionality involve state, not federal, law, and nearly all these rulings purport to be based on a single constitutional provision, one sentence in the Fourteenth Amendment, and specifically the words "due process" and "equal protection." The Fourteenth Amendment was adopted, however, for a specific and limited purpose, to provide to blacks a federal guarantee of certain basic civil rights. The Court has wrongly converted it into an empty vessel into which any meaning can be poured, a grant of virtually unlimited policymaking power. If the Fourteenth Amendment could be returned to its intended purpose, or, indeed, given any definite meaning, the problem of judicial activism would largely be solved. I propose, therefore, an amendment simply clarifying the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment. It would seem difficult not to agree that a constitutional provision should have a knowable and definite meaning. This proposal can be opposed, therefore, only by openly advocating policymaking by judges, which it is not politically feasible to do.

Thaddeus Stevens, the principal proponent of the Fourteenth Amendment, wanted to make it simply a prohibition of all racial discrimination by government. He was unable to obtain agreement on so broad a prohibition, however, primarily because of opposition from the North to giving blacks the right to vote. The Fifteenth Amendment, of course, removed that objection. It should now be possible, therefore, to expand the original meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment to the full extent that Stevens wanted, namely to a prohibition of all official racial discrimination. This would not only make an enormous contribution toward resolution of our present racial problems, but, more importantly for the present purpose, it would remove from the Court the essential basis it now claims for unlimited policymaking power. Of course, this will be characterized as a radical proposal and intensely opposed. But if we are serious about doing something about the system of rule by judges into which American government has evolved, it is not realistic to think that anything less will be effective.

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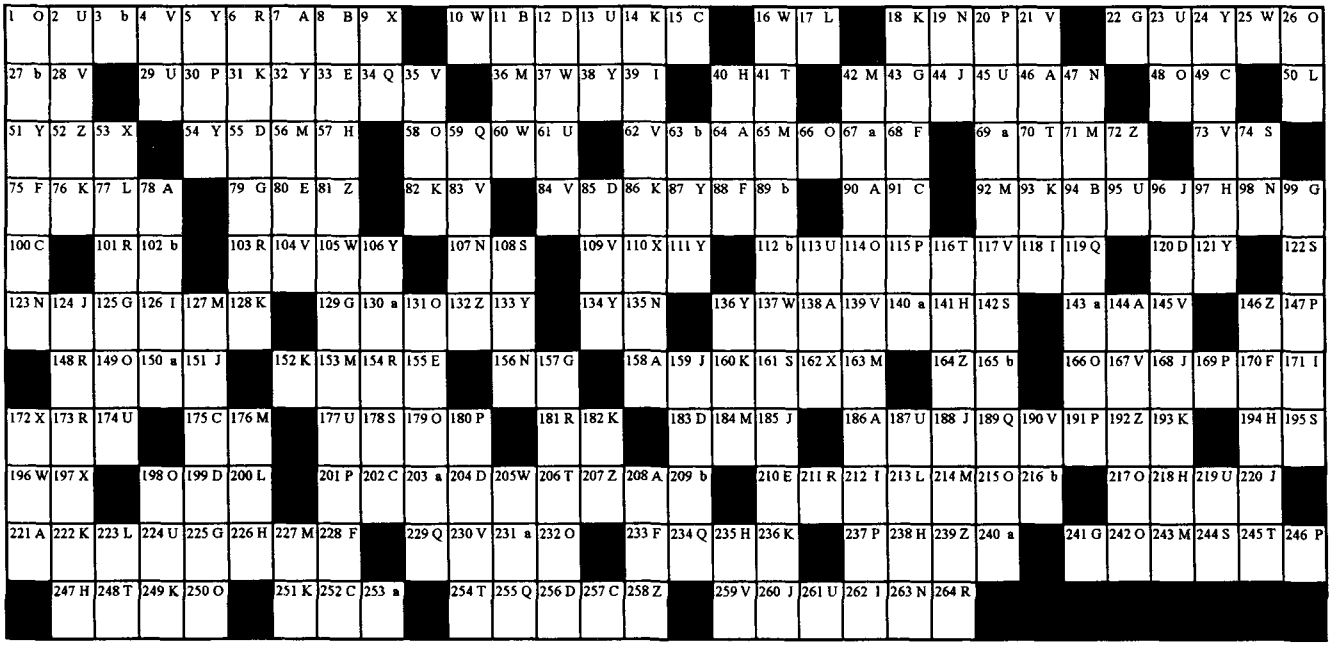
TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



DEFINITIONS

A. DNC dollars, e.g., (2 words) — 158 7 64 90 144 78 138 221 186 208 46

B. MGM's herald — 94 8 11

C. Sound, theologically speaking — 91 100 175 252 257 15 49 202

D. Delaware beach resort — 12 204 55 85 256 120 183 199

E. Khuzistan Iran, today — 33 155 80 210

F. Ensnared — 170 88 75 233 68 228

G. Elite minority (2 words) — 79 125 43 129 99 225 241 157 22

H. Nursing resentment — 238 57 40 247 97 194 235 141 218 226

I. Pot's black companion — 262 118 212 171 39 126

J. Narrow, bigoted — 188 151 124 159 168 185 44 260 96 220

K. Hitchcock thriller (3 words) — 193 182 160 251 18 82 236 222 93 86 31

76 152 14 128 249

L. Germany's supreme literary genius — 50 17 200 223 213 77

M. Seen through the local perspective (3 words) — 92 153 65 36 227 163 42 127 176 71 184

56 243 214

N. Compliant — 123 156 263 47 19 98 135 107

O. Tenor beloved *round* the world (2 words) — 217 149 1 131 66 232 242 58 26 166 179

215 250 198 48 114

P. Murky realm of Mafiosi — 169 147 246 201 20 237 30 191 115 180

Q. Sometimes called unicorn of the deep — 119 255 34 229 234 59 189

R. Bob Dole's successor (2 words) — 181 103 173 6 101 154 211 264 148

S. "Behold the man!" in Pilate's parlance (2 words) — 178 161 244 142 195 74 122 108

T. English rifle — 41 248 206 70 245 254 116

U. Zwingli's flock (2 words) — 177 224 219 2 261 29 23 61 45 187 95

174 13 113

V. First Amendment preserve (4 words) — 84 117 28 83 190 145 259 167 139 109 230

21 4 62 104 35 73

W. Associate, ally — 196 10 25 37 205 60 105 16 137

X. Boil — 9 172 53 197 110 162

Y. Jack London favorite (4 words) — 87 5 133 24 134 121 54 32 111 136 51

38 106

Z. Like a red herring — 146 239 258 72 132 192 52 207 81 164

a. American high plains river — 67 143 240 231 130 203 140 69 253 150

b. Telegrapher's alphabet (2 words) — 3 165 27 216 209 112 102 89 63

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. LONGFELLOW: *A Mother's Cares*: "I see the patient mother read, with aching heart, of wrecks that float, disabled, on those seas remote; or of some great, heroic deed on battlefields, where thousands bleed to lift one hero into fame."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Why Our China Policy?

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21

The mists of conspiracy have been floating over the discussion of the United States' China policy, but it wasn't until last week that one heard it said out loud. It was spoken by Arianna Huffington at a debate (*Firing Line*) on the question of trading with China. We have had month after month of public hearings having to do with the financing of the Democratic campaign of 1996, and the stress has been on the Asian presence. All that money directed to the campaign asking for—what?

Mrs. Huffington says it's obvious. Her debate partners (Sen. Tim Hutchinson of Arkansas, former Gov. Jerry Brown of California, Gary Bauer of the Family Research Council) seated beside her, she suggested that what had been bought was the President of the United States and the Congress. Bought to do what? Bought to ignore the human-rights report of the State Department and to continue trading with China under the Most Favored Nation clause.

Now Mrs. Huffington had intimated her approach early in the two-hour debate by making a most extraordinary accusation. It is that Henry Kissinger argues in favor of continuing trade because his consulting firm does business in China. She cited the Disney Corporation, which retained Kissinger Associates a fortnight ago, allegedly to guide Disney through the Chinese flak over the forthcoming movie *Kundum*, which dramatizes the Communists' genocidal assault on the Tibet of the Dalai Lama.

Dr. Kissinger was floored by the charge and groped unsuccessfully for appropriate words to meet it in the minute or so left to him in that segment of the debate. He managed to say that a mere 3 per cent of the business done by Kissinger Associates relates to China, but Mrs. Huffington then charged that Kissinger was slow to react to the Tiananmen Square massacre of 1989 because of his commercial predilections with regard to China.

Dr. Kissinger did say, in the final few seconds, that he thought it wrong to impute greed after forty years of policy analysis under academic and public scrutiny. But the audience (of seven thousand) roared with excitement at the drama—the striking Greek-American writer/activist charging the former Secretary of State with selling out to Mammon.

Dr. Kissinger, for all his skills as a diplomat, is inexpert at crowd control in public debates. He might have turned to Mrs. Huffington and said: If I reasoned about you as you reason about me, wouldn't I venture that the only reason you married that mindless California millionaire was to latch onto his money, which you did, and then divorce him, which you have done? But I am prepared to assume you had other motives in marrying him. On Tiananmen Square, you are correct that I did not react to the military seizure with astonished indignation. What astonished me wasn't that the army moved into the Square, it was that the protestors were permitted for so long to preside over the Square—China is not a free society. When I recommend policies on China you should be prepared to assume I recommend them as what I consider to be in the best interests of the United States. If I were a doctor doing an appendectomy I wouldn't start out by cursing the appendix.

That might have slowed Mrs. Huffington down, though she was on a tear. Sen. Trent Lott on the affirmative team asked her whether she really believed that the congressional vote in favor of continuing trade was the result of political money coming in from China. Her answer? "Absolutely."

What hovered over the scene at the University of Mississippi was the question: Is it conceivable that the deployment of Chinese money is responsible for the dispensation under which our trade policies with China are operating?

My own reaction is: Sure; and Vincent Foster did not commit suicide, Lee Harvey Oswald was only one of the assassins and Oliver Stone is right, the lid on the true story was put down with the cooperation of the FBI, the CIA, President Johnson, and the Supreme Court; and yes, Robert Welch was actually correct, President Eisenhower was a clandestine Communist.

The investigating committees have clearly demonstrated that there were a lot of funny-money machinations in the 1996 campaign and that Asian and Asian-related agents were very active. But to suggest that our policy—to continue to trade with China—is dictated by commercial greed and Chinese manipulation staggers the mind. We are talking about a policy endorsed by every living ex-President, every living ex-Secretary of State, every living ex-National Security Advisor. To suggest that Henry Kissinger would counsel policy contrary to the interests of his country as he understands them leaves the observer speechless. How to explain such a charge? In the Huffington epistemology, one would have to find a commercial reason for it. □

"He's gone to so much trouble, I can't bring myself to do it."

Chautauqua Talk

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28

Chautauqua, New York, thought itself unlikely for the kind of thing that hit it. "This is the last place the police would think of investigating," one student reported to James Barron of the *New York Times*. But they did, and we know now that one 20-year old (Nushawn Williams) apparently infected directly through heterosexual sex 28 women, many of them more properly designated as girls; and may have infected indirectly (people who had sex with any of the 28) 53 others. Billy the Kid killed only 21 people in the course of his legendary career.

Now here is the nodal point of the story. The County Health Commissioner, Dr. Robert Berke, on learning of the profusion of victims, broke precedent and identified the criminal. He did so on the grounds that there was no other way to find out where he was and to learn whether he was still infecting other people. It turns out that Williams is in jail, on Rikers Island in New York City, ready to be sentenced for selling crack cocaine to an undercover cop. Prosecutors are cranking up other cases to charge him with after his sentence on the dope count. He will be charged with assault on those women who contracted HIV, and with reckless endangerment in the cases of those who had sex with him but didn't contract the disease. The charge is that he acted with depraved indifference whenever he engaged in unprotected sex.

At first glance we have just another story

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of man's bestiality to man: Mr. Williams knew that he was infected when he gave in to his satyriasis—so much for one more human horror story. But the second glance is the more arresting. Authorities knew in August 1996 that Williams was infected and did what about it? Nothing. Because that is what the law requires.

The problem is this. The justice/moralists take the position that to contract HIV isn't a crime, and it is hard to quarrel with that judgment: the 13-year-old who contracted HIV from Williams can hardly be thought to have had criminal intent. But having been identified as diseased, Williams went out, so to speak scot free, to infect others. The delicate question has to do with the relationship between justice and prudence. The Williams case is not isolated. In East St. Louis, Illinois, a man was diagnosed with the virus in 1992 but continued to have sexual contact with dozens of casual girlfriends who didn't know about his infection. We know that Williams was derelict. But was County Health Commissioner Berke derelict, or required to be derelict by a law that appears to take insufficient account of the perils of allowing loaded pistols to leave the laboratory without some effort to warn casual passersby?

Ten years ago, in an open discussion with Professor Alan Dershowitz touching on the nature of the problem, I suggested the possibility of a discreet tattoo on those identified with AIDS. I withdrew the suggestion because it was greeted with such universal shock as might have been appropriate to the security consultant recommending barbed wire for Auschwitz. There is a middle way: More than 12 years ago, health commissioners recommended publicizing the names of men and women who tested HIV positive. There are drawbacks to the idea. For one, the passionate young man or young woman ready to make the embrace that will prove fatal isn't likely to call an Information Lifeline to ascertain whether Williams, Nushawn, is safe to sleep with. For another, it is unpleasant to think of public identification of those who have the virus, many of whom (81, in and about Chautauqua, New York) got it innocently, if that is the right word for casual sex with someone one doesn't think of as infected.

These are quite urgent questions. There are about forty bills in Congress right now that seek to augment the right to privacy. Some of these laws are motivated by the knowledge that Social Security numbers are easily available through the Internet. Others by annoyance that mailing addresses can be exploited by commercial interests. Still others by the shock of Princess Diana pursued by the paparazzi.

The concern for privacy is a holy concern. But to indulge it at the expense of all other concerns is unbalanced. It is easy to say that the 28 girls who had sex with Williams were misbehaving; but not easy to say that the price of misbehaving should be death from AIDS. The middle way suggests the need for some identification of the virus carrier, something other than a tattoo. □

Lightship For Taxpayers

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24

The counter-offensive has begun. The House Ways and Means Committee having passed a bill which would offload the burden of proof from the shoulders of the taxpayer back to the Internal Revenue Service, critics are saying that the burden would now be unreasonable on the tax people. Here would be a hypothetical situation: John opens a business, revenue $250,000. He files a tax return in which he lists business expenses of $250,000, net tax exposure, zero. The IRS says, Show me receipts for your expenses. John says: Sorry, I lost them. The IRS assembles reasonable assumptions of likely expenses by John and files for past-due taxes. Under the new law, John would simply say: It is up to the IRS to prove I didn't have those expenses, not up to me to prove that I did. That doesn't really make sense, does it?

It is a nice feature of the proposed law (the Senate has yet to come up with its own version, and isn't going to do so until next year) that there should be an equivalent of a Civilian Review Board to hear complaints from taxpayers who have been mauled, or think themselves to have been mauled. A reasonable compromise, in the judgment of one who *has* been mauled, is for the tax authority to accept the burden of legal fees paid by a plaintiff who is eventually sustained by the courts. In the case adduced above, John is nicked $50,000. He appeals in court, comes up (somehow) with persuasive evidence that he had correctly stated his business expenses, the court overturns the IRS, and John presents his legal bill of $25,000 to the IRS for reimbursement.

These situations are always better explained by Real-Life stories.

A few years ago the tax authorities in New York City pronounced me a resident of New York who therefore owed a significant sum in back taxes. My accountant pleaded the truth, that I have always been a resident of Connecticut except on the day I ran for mayor of New York City. That was 1965, and ever after I resumed voting in Connecticut, in which I was genuinely domiciled.

Which is your "domicile" can be an evaluative question. But if you spend 183 nights in New York, you are, as far as the law is concerned, as unambiguously a resident of New York as if you had spent the entire year in Sing Sing. That was a challenge easy to accept: I hadn't spent 183 nights in New York. The task became to prove this. The lengths to which the tax investigator went are Orwell Relived.

Where had I spent the night of June 30, 1985?

In Hawaii, before setting out across the Pacific on my sailboat; hotel receipt provided. Where had I spent the night of July 1? Well—did the inspector want the latitude and longitude of my boat on the first night of its 30-night Pacific crossing? Not only that, he wanted witnesses.

Where had I spent Saturday and Sunday nights on a typical month? Answer, at my home in Connecticut. —Prove it? Well, I could get affidavits from the driver who took me there, the priests who saw me at Mass, the barbers who cut my hair, the guy at Radio Shack who sold me batteries . . . —All right. Do it for every Saturday and Sunday you claim to have been in Connecticut. Otherwise we'll assume that you got onto the train and returned to New York on Saturday and Sunday.

The nightmare ended when I thought to print out of the computer the names of five thousand documents written in my study in Connecticut over the three years in question. The inspector's superior, confronted with that avalanche of evidence, surrendered. I won the case and paid accountants and lawyers for three strenuous years of hard labor. The New York authorities should have reimbursed that cost, would not Solomon and today's solons agree?

It is true that in dealing with the IRS the taxpayer may deduct the cost of professional help. But a deduction is very different from reimbursement. And even as it is acknowledged that in France and England civil complainants are slowed down by the knowledge that if they lose their suit they will be assessed the cost of the legal defense, we reasonably assume that an assessor who implies that you commuted from a sailboat in mid-Pacific to New York City and back to the sailboat before dawn the next day would be discouraged from pursuing that line of questioning if it were done at the City's expense.

There is plenty of time, given the Senate's schedule, to think through such questions. Meanwhile it's gratifying to see the march of public opinion against excesses and abuses as the incubator of reform. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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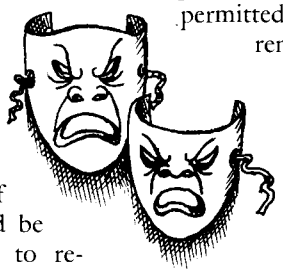
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

EXCEPT when insanity or America intervenes, there is no such thing as an illogical mind. The mind is by definition logical, as Socrates demonstrated when he took an illiterate slave boy and led him through the solution of a complex mathematical problem by asking him the proper questions in the proper sequence.

What a glorious moment it must have been for those present, one of those clean, sharp times when cold comfort is the best comfort of all. If I could travel back into the past and pick one historical event to witness first-hand, I would skip the legendary battles and boudoir intrigues for a front-row seat at this triumph of the reasoning process.



Socrates would have an even more edifying time-capsule experience if he and his slave boy could be fast-forwarded to our era to reenact the demonstration for us.

He would discover that to Americans the point of it all is to make the slave boy "feel good about himself." Everyone keeps saying this even though it conflicts with another incessant chant, "It doesn't take a rocket scientist," a favorite of television blondes who utter it in tones of self-satisfied relief as they interview Socrates on the morning shows.

The home schoolers ask him for tips on how to do-it-yourself. The Bell Curvers insist on giving the slave boy an IQ test. The geneticists insist that he isn't really a slave boy. A well-shod Walter Coppage proclaims "Socrates never walked here" as he drags a barefoot kid through a Haitian open sewer in a new sponsorship ad. Child-abuse watchdogs try to put the slave boy in foster care, the American Psychological Association discovers Sudden Attention Concentration Disorder, and *The Weekly Standard* does "The Slave-Boy Crack-Up."

My interest in Socrates' demonstration of logic was triggered by a letter I received from a young man who described himself as a libertarian-conservative, Christian homosexual (he dislikes "gay" because it refers to a left-wing political agenda). That he is intelligent and well-educated is indisputable; his letter is a model of syntax, spelling, punctuation, and vocabulary, but his reasoning is something else.

Taking issue with my column against same-sex marriage, he offered the following thoughts:

1. The argument that children are the primary purpose of marriage is negated by the fact that not all heterosexual couples intend to have children, yet are permitted to marry anyway, and to remain married despite their childlessness.

2. The argument that nothing prevents homosexuals from living together also applies to heterosexuals, so why do the latter need to marry?

3. How could homosexuals devalue marriage more than, say, Elizabeth Taylor?

4. Since marriage is an honorable estate instituted by God, and since God created us heterosexual and homosexual, He cannot have intended His blessing to be bestowed on some of His creatures and withheld from others.

5. The argument that homosexuals will marry solely to collect spousal benefits is negated by the age-old heterosexual custom of marrying for money. "Keep in mind that, if we are going to prohibit homosexual marriages of convenience, logic obliges us to impose the same restriction on heterosexual marriages."

6. "Since homosexual marriage neither harms the rights of others nor does anything to diminish the public good, there is no compelling interest to forbid it."

Fuzzy thinking yields easily to classic reasoning. Points one, two, and five are each a *reductio ad absurdum*; or, to paraphrase the Vietnam general, "We had to destroy marriage to save it for homosexuals." Point three is an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, "to the shameful," an argument based on an unworthy authority or example—poor old Liz, who at least had three children along the way. Point four brings God into the reasoning process, thereby clouding the distinction between faith and knowledge made so abundantly clear in the old adage, "A woman knows it's her child; a man can only have faith that it's his." And point six is a *petitio principii*, "begging the question," an argument that asks us to accept the premise so that we can agree with the conclusion.

ALL well and good, but today's single-issue logicians are hostile to classic reasoning. The clean, sharp feeling of cold comfort cuts no ice with them if it threatens to blow away their perceived "rights," and so, in the interest of greater security, they have invented American reasoning.

American reasoning arises from a molten pit of gluey psychodramas and steaming monomanias surging like blisters on the surface of cooked cereal. It invariably leads to the kind of disjointed, who-struck-John arguments heard on talk shows. Take, for example, the debate at my last public appearance. The question was why every society, even Nazi Germany, has been more tolerant of lesbianism than of male homosexuality.

"The lesbian sex drive has no effect on society," I said. "A woman may be exclusively attracted to women and repelled by men, but she can still reproduce the species. All she has to do to conceive is be present, but if a man feels no desire for the female, conception won't occur and the race will die out."

That's an *argumentum ad equinam* but horse sense has no place in American reasoning. I was attacked.

"You're saying women are passive!"

"You're emphasizing our differences instead of the ways we're alike."

"Do you want to force lesbians to bear children?"

The best was the woman who kept asking ominously, "Suppose you substituted the word 'black' . . . ?" I wish I could have heard the rest of her pinch-hitting strategy but she was drowned out in the uproar. How my remarks about the lesbian sex drive could be transferred to blacks is one of the mysteries of the universe, but the *argumentum ad africanum* is such a cornerstone of American reasoning that as soon as she heard the word "race," out it came. □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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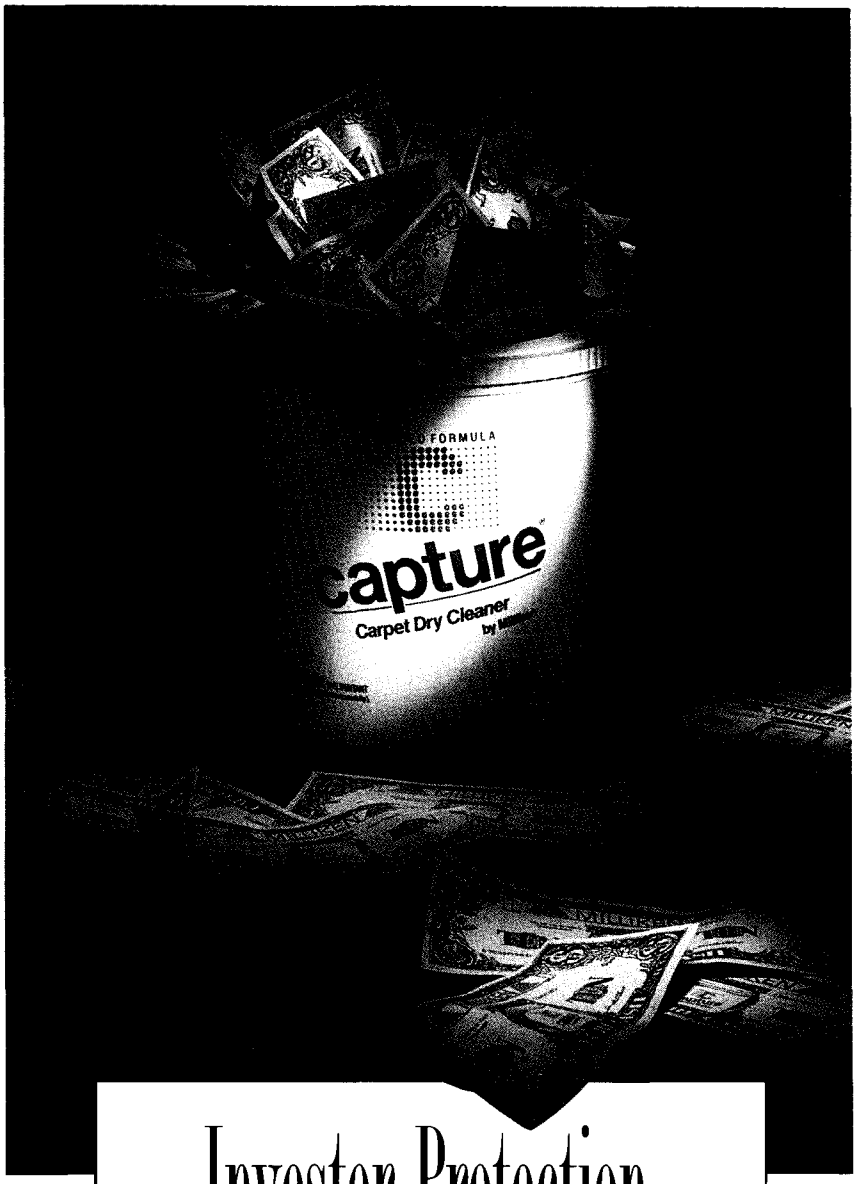
MILLIKEN



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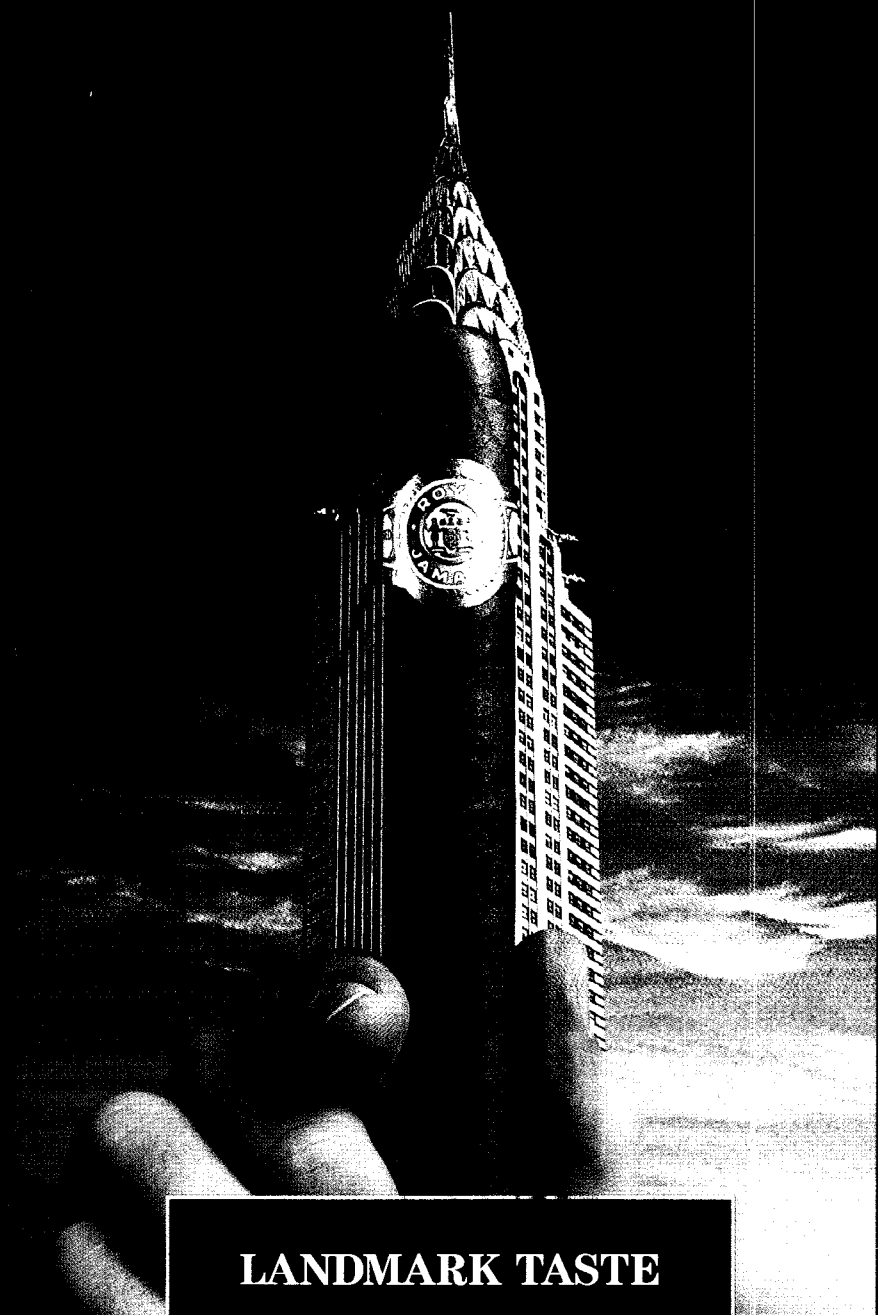

LANDMARK TASTE

SINCE 1929

ROYAL JAMAICA

IF THERE WERE A BETTER WAY TO MAKE A CIGAR,
WE'D FIND IT. . .THEN WE'D SMOKE IT.

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